

Special Report: The bizarre murder trial of Jane Stafford

FEBRUARY 1983, \$2.50

Atlantic Insight




GB **Chocolat**

The candy man:
David Ganong and
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for over 100 years

In Nfld.: The rum-runners
make a comeback

In the region:
Gloomy prospects for
local TV production

A man and a woman are standing on the deck of a ship at night. The man is seen from the back, wearing a dark suit. The woman is wearing a light-colored, horizontally striped dress and is looking towards the man. They are standing behind a wooden railing. In the background, the dark blue sea is visible under a large, bright full moon. The ship's structure, including a wheel-like part of the railing, is partially visible.

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Atlantic Insight

February 1983, Vol. 5 No. 2



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Cover Story: Amid the crushing problems of the economic recession, why is it that a little, old candy factory in St. Stephen, N.B., can not only survive but outdistance its multinational competitors? Simply by being no ordinary company, according to the folks at Ganong Bros. Ltd., who've been doing it for over 100 years. That means among other things, paying attention to stuff like royalty and teamwork, virtues as sweet and old-fashioned as the company's valentine boxes of chocolates. Having a chief who eats 1 1/2 pounds of candy a day probably doesn't hurt either.
By David Folster

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID NICHOLS



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Food: If February 14 — St. Valentine's Day — stirs the desire to send your very own sweets to the sweet, go ahead and make candy at home. With a brush, a mould and some confectioner's chocolate even a novice can whip up enviable home-made goodies. And, like Georgina Greenough of Dartmouth, N.S., you might even find yourself some day with a hobby that's blossomed into a business.



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Special Report: On March 11, 1982, Jane Stafford of Bangs Falls, N.S., shot her common-law husband to death as he slumped in a drunken sleep in the front seat of their pickup truck. Eight months later a jury heard evidence of how Stafford had been brutally abused by her husband and found her not guilty of killing him. The verdict, which will be appealed by Crown attorneys this spring, was hailed by some as a victory for abused women. Others see it as a perversion of justice, the result of a trial not of the accused, but of the victim.
By Stephen Kimber



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Travel: Seven centuries ago Berlin began as a divided town, then became a single city and split again in the aftermath of the Second World War. The wall that separates its East and West sectors is a harsh reality that divided families and friends must live with. But the city remains, as it has always been, one of the most fascinating cosmopolitan centres in the world

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Editor's Letter

It's hard not to sympathize with Hubert Sanderson, the hog and dairy farmer whose story is part of this month's Prince Edward Island provincial report (page 10). Sanderson is losing his land, and loss of land causes a tremor in nerves conditioned by history and literature. Whether it happens in the Highlands of Scotland, in the Dust Bowl of Oklahoma or, on a much smaller scale, in roughly 1,500 acres of land on the north shore of the Island, dispossession of something as basic as the earth under your feet makes us all a little afraid.

Sanderson's farm lies in the middle of a tract of land that a British Columbia promoter wants to turn into a \$50-million tourist development. Reporter Susan Mahoney describes the scope of the project: "... 400 condominiums; a 200-unit hotel or motel with swimming pools, tennis and squash courts and restaurants; an 18-hole golf course, a 3,500-foot airstrip for small private planes and a marina with floating docks." The condominiums will sell for about \$200,000 each.

The development, according to the area's MLA, will be a godsend. The community is dying, its young people moving away. The complex will bring jobs. So Hubert Sanderson's farm, its viability threatened by federal milk marketing regulations, will have to join the rapidly growing ranks of the disappearing small family farms.

There's another element present. Susan Mahoney describes it: "[The] proposed development will cover 1,490 acres in the north shore community of Greenkitch, taking in one of the most spectacular sand dune ecosystems on the Island. The dunes, stretching about 6 km along the northern shore of the Greenkitch peninsula, tower as high as 12 m, knit together by the delicate roots of marram grass. They give way to marshy wetlands, a home to birds, foxes and other small animals. The beach beyond the dunes stretches for mile on mile of hard-packed white sand."

It's ironic, but let me try to understand what this says: Acres of gentle farmland must be destroyed and wild na-



ture threatened in order to provide a lure for tourists who have been told for years that the reason they should come to the Island is to enjoy its unspoiled natural beauty. Now they must have marinas for their boats and \$200,000 *pie-d-à-terres* as well. Rambling over the dunes is insufficient exercise, so they must have squash and, most ludicrous of all — a swimming pool! — in a province that boasts beaches unmatched anywhere in North America.

Who are "they," anyway? And why are their needs for private landing strips and floating docks enough to send politicians in a frantic flurry to accommodate them by forcing the sale of precious land at bargain-basement prices? The B.C. developer isn't specific but, by 1984, he says, there'll be lots of them around.

Perhaps so, which may or may not be a wonderful thing for the Island. You have only to look at areas of the world where the quest for tourist dollars — at all cost — has become enshrined as the dominant social and economic force to realize what kinds of communities they become. OK to visit, maybe, but nobody would want to live there. One Islander sums it up in Mahoney's story: "You move 2,000 people, wealthy people, used to being waited on, into an area of three or four hundred population... I hate to think about the future."

To question change isn't the same as to oppose all change. Change will come to the Island, and to the whole region as naturally as young folks moving away (and, quite often, later moving back). The question is, at what cost? Perhaps publisher Jim MacNeill is right when he predicts a reversal in the declining fortunes of the small farms that will come "from individuals, not from government." None of which is much comfort to Hubert Sanderson.

Marilyn MacDonald

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Cranshaw, the (tsk tsk) man in charge of finding the new computer system.

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Cod tongues from away?

Ray Guy's salt cod article (*At Last, Salt Cod Is Trendy*) in the August issue was very interesting. I would like to ask Ray if cod tongues are imported into Newfoundland from Norway, as we hear it here?

George Poulain
Sydney, N.S.

Editor's note: Ray is not aware of cod tongues coming in from Norway, but he has seen codfish eggs imported from Denmark in St. John's stores.

A natural leader

Your November cover story (*The Fiery Baptism of Alexa*) was right on! A fair and balanced picture of Alexa McDonough, leader of the N.S. New Democrats, was presented by a most perceptive Harry Bruce. Most people were unaware of the extent of the constant, vengeful attacks made on her by Paul MacEwan and condoned by the Conservative government. Now all can appreciate her courage, strength and depth of moral fibre. A natural leader of her calibre is rare indeed.

Mary Simms
Halifax, N.S.

Ambiguous attitude to sprays

I find it very difficult to understand the position of *Atlantic Insight* regarding the use of sprays in forestry (*Spray Wars, Part Two*, Nova Scotia, October). The same herbicide can be used for protection in agriculture, but not in forestry. As quoted in your article, there are over 40,000 scientific papers published on 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T, but because Dr. Thurlow and Gerald MacKenzie suggest that there is a problem with their use, our forest management programs are halted. How many of your reporters have reviewed any of the scientific papers on phenoxy herbicides or followed a forest management cycle of cutting, site preparation, planting and protecting? May I suggest that your magazine undertake a project to review the damage to the Cape Breton forests by the budworm and the effects it has had on the environment, habitats and private woodlot owners in Nova Scotia.

D.W. Freer
Atlantic Vegetation
Management Association
Halifax, N.S.

Long-overdue recognition

On behalf of the Cape Breton Transition House Association, I would like to congratulate Wendy Baldwin on her excellent article *Atlantic Canada's Battered Women and Children*... (*The* perspective on the situation faced by the people who work in the helping agencies. Even in the most favorable of economic times, dealing with battering situations

is frustrating. Given the present depressed economy, the problems become more severe and the options for solutions more limited. Most transition house staff members are extremely overworked and underpaid, and still their care and their compassion continue to help them carry on. Public recognition of those working directly with the victims of violence in the home is long overdue.

Jennifer M. MacNeil
Sydney, N.S.

Warning to writers

Harry Bruce's article *The Seductive Power of Parallel Structures* (Writing, October) was a zenith of stylistic practice and a nadir of stylistic theory, apothecosis and anathema in one. I was embarrassed for Mr. Bruce when he identified the parallel structures of the Ted Reeve quotation as "adverbial clauses." They are, in fact, present participial phrases modifying the subject of Mr. Reeve's sentence — himself (not uncharacteristically, if legend is to be credited). Not that this observation in any way prejudices Harry Bruce's right, as a premier Maritime journalist, to attempt to legislate a proper respect for the written word. On the contrary, the correction merely serves as fair warning for him, or any other writer, myself included, to cover his ass before pontificating.

Ray Whitley, PhD
Halifax, N.S.

Reality of communion

There seems to me to be an error of wording in Stephen Kimber's article on Roseanne Skoke-Graham in your October issue (*Good Catholic... Heretic?* Religion). He describes holy communion as "the ritual during which Catholics eat unleavened bread and drink wine as symbols of the body and blood of Christ." This may be only what Kimber judges the reality of the sacrament to be, but it also seems that it is a statement of Catholic belief, and as such it would be in error. It is not as symbols that a Catholic takes what look like bread and wine, but — after consecration by a priest — as the veritable body and blood of Christ, who is present under the appearance of food and drink. We couldn't be bothered with taking unconsecrated bread and wine as symbols; compared with what we believe to be the living reality of our Lord, that symbolism would be tame stuff indeed.

Calvin Burke
Corner Brook, Nfld.

Who's right?

The article *Abortion: The Pendulum Swings to the Right* (Medicine, November) does not represent objective journalism. The fundamental questions are obscured by old slogans such as "pro-choice," "sexual revolution," etc. Two questions that must be answered:

Does an abortion procedure destroy a human life? I think even Dr. Morgentaler would answer yes. Science has made tremendous strides in confirming and treating human life in the womb. Does a mother, her doctor or anyone have the right to decide which human life should be terminated? Every pro-abortionist would answer yes to this question. The logical consequences of such an answer, however, are very scary. The pro-life movement is not only concerned with helping mothers through troubled pregnancies but is also concerned with helping them through the post-natal period or for as long as they may need help.

Joe MacLellan, PEng
Antigonish, N.S.

Do we really want to make the lives of ideas of abortion practitioners imported to Canada an acceptable part of everyday Canadian life? Would it not be better for doctors who have no other purpose but to perform abortions to be purged from the medical profession or relieved of doctoring female patients?

Mary L. Evans
Halifax, N.S.

Poet shocks reader

In reference to Stephen Kimber's *The Second Spring of Milton Acorn* (Profile, November) I can only say God save us all from these, the stunted "oaks" from which Acorn they have sprung. To hear or rather to see the gutter language of a highly regarded Canadian poet in your publication is a shocker, to say the least. For someone receiving public funds to the tune of \$18,000 to make such a statement regarding women and poets is not only an insult to Canadian women but to Canadian poetry. If Acorn's work is so great, print it, leaving the crudeness of his obviously self-created physical and psychic ills where they belong—to him, not to us.

Alfred Avis Walters
Weston, Ont.

Poet shocks traveller

The reference to "gruesome Americans" by Alden Nowlan in *Nowlan in Ireland: A Poet's Progress* (Cover Story, October) does little credit to *Atlantic Insight*. I have travelled in the U.K. and Ireland six times during the last 13 years and have taken other tours, composed mainly of Americans, to various parts of the world. I have yet to hear one of them ask the price of something "in real money." Admittedly, there are some well-chronicled "ugly Americans" as tourists, but this may be no less true of Canadians, relative populations considered. On one trip I took, a couple from Toronto was as vulgar, rude and gruesome as any I have encountered, including some New Jerseyites. Remarks such as Nowlan's in

(continued on page 24)

The CBC network's 'way-down-east sound is dead. Here's why

Remember good, old Singalong Jubilee? Don Messer's show? Ceilidh? You won't likely be seeing programs like these again on the national network. Why? The CBC's Toronto brass doesn't like made-in-Atlantic-Canada shows

By Stephen Kimber

We're going to do it once more," the woman with the tight jeans and the frozen smile told the three members of Ryan's Fancy, an Irish folksinging group. "And this time," she added in her best clenched-teeth, schoolmarmish tone, "let's try to look happy. OK?"

Happiness was in short supply in CBC Halifax's cavernous old Studio 1 that day. It was late in the summer of 1974, and the cast and crew of *Singalong Jubilee*, the television network's comfortable old sweater of a musical variety program, had just begun rehearsals for its 11th season. *Singalong*, launched as a Mitch Miller-style summer replacement for *Don Messer's Jubilee* in 1963, had blossomed into one of the CBC's most successful variety series, but the network's Toronto brass were embarrassed by it. *Singalong*, they complained, had no production values, no pizzazz, no glitter. It was too... well, too Maritime. They decided to do something about it. They did: Two years later, *Singalong* was cancelled, and the Maritimes has been almost eliminated from the national network's variety schedule ever since.

In 1974, Toronto had sent producer Ted Regan to Halifax to take over the show. He brought in other outsiders, including a writer to create between-songs repartee and a choreographer to teach *Singalong*'s chorus and guests how to dance while they sang.

Jim Bennet, who'd been a *Singalong* performer since the show started, quit the day rehearsals began. "I'm a singer, not a dancer," he told Regan. "And this," he added, pointing to the season's first script, "isn't me. It isn't *Singalong* either."

That's why the tension was thick in Studio 1 as Ryan's Fancy began rehearsing "Roddy McCorley," an Irish song about a man being sent to the gallows. Like members of the cast, Ryan's Fancy were uncomfortable with *Singalong*'s new format. Singing, they were told, was no longer enough. They must learn to dance, to jump, to move to the bidding of the choreographer. Loosen up, she told them, smile at the camera as you sing.

"And let's have some sparkle this time," she said, sending to go back to the control room.

"Sparkle me ass," Dermot O'Reilly shouted after her in exasperation. "Look dearie," he explained carefully. "The

fellow in this song is being fookin' hung. So I can't smile and I can't sparkle! Understand?"

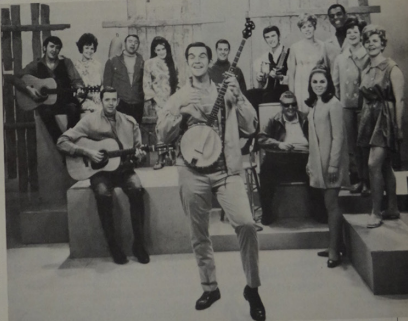
There was a momentary nervous sucking in of breath from the dozen or so cast and crew in the studio, then laughter and applause. Someone had finally told the new emperors they weren't wearing any clothes.

Less than two years later, *Singalong* was gone. Its "Torontoization" had already driven away most of its faithful audience and transformed it from a program "that reeked of the Maritimes," as producer Jack O'Neill puts it today, to a show that could have been concocted by market researchers in any studio in North America.

For CBC Halifax, *Singalong*'s demise also marked the beginning of the end of its importance as a network production centre. During the Sixties and early Seventies, the Halifax studios had turned out three long-running, popular national series: *Singalong Jubilee*, *Don Messer's Jubilee* and *Ceilidh*. For the past three years, however, CBC Halifax hasn't produced a single network variety series. (When the CBC killed Halifax's last series, *The John Allan Cameron Show*, network variety chief Stanley Colbert reportedly said he never wanted to see fiddles on the national network again.)

This season, Halifax has produced only one, one-hour superspecial for the national network, and most of its stars were flown in from outside the region. Jack O'Neill, the Maritime region's current executive producer for variety, shrugs his shoulders resignedly. "There's not a hell of a lot we can do about it," he says. "The impression we have now is that Halifax's future, in a network variety sense, isn't all that positive."

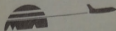
It isn't — despite the CBC's own, often-stated determination to produce more programs that "spring from our cultural roots [and] reflect life as it is lived and experienced in our many cultural and regional communities." And, despite a call in the report issued in November by the Federal Cultural Policy Review Committee for "a portion of the CBC's programming budget [to] be allocated



The *Singalong Jubilee* gang: Host Bill Langstroth (with banjo) and (clockwise) Jim Bennet, Michael Stanbury, Antoinette Hollett, Harold Kempster, Patricia McKinnon, Vern Moulton, Ken Tobias, Anne Murray, Lorne White, Karen Oxley, Margaret Ashcroft, Catherine McKinnon, the late Fred McKenna.

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Ryan's Fancy members (from left) Fergus O'Byrne, Denis Ryan and Dermot O'Reilly.

specifically to the commissioning of programs produced in the various regions of the country," no one expects any dramatic change.

The issue is as simple — and as complicated — as the nature of the country itself. Is Canada one country or a series of regions? Should the CBC use its vast resources and unique power to communicate as a means of explaining regions to each other or as a way of promoting the development of a single national consensus? Whatever the merits of the arguments for regionalism, the centralists are winning right now.

CBC brass in Toronto, for example, recently turned down the chance to air an award-winning National Film Board documentary on New Brunswick artist Miller Brittain because, they said, it was "too regional."

"That is an insult to Britain's status as an artist and an insult to the region as well," says Kent Martin, the film's Charlottetown-based director. But Martin isn't really surprised by the network's reaction: It took nearly two years before CBC agreed to air *Empty Harbours*, Maritimes and Confederation.

It has taken CBC Radio's network drama department the same length of time to produce Nova Scotia author Silver Donald Cameron's *The Big Cof-Breton* fiddler. Cameron says it may be the "best thing I've ever written," and who commissioned it, calls it "a beautiful, innovative script," but network producers in Toronto — who must approve all national productions — thought it was too regional.

"They were lower Ontario centralists who had had no sensibility, no regional consciousness," Allison says bitterly. Fed up with "being humiliated by nerds in Toronto," Allison quit the CBC a year ago to return to full-time acting. "The frustrating thing is that I had a pile of beautiful scripts I couldn't get produced," Allison says. "The talent is there, but the CBC isn't using it."

Lack of talent has never been the region's problem. *Singalong Jubilee's* record for recognizing and developing talent — including singing stars such as Anne Murray, Catherine McKinnon, Edith Butler, Lisa dal Bello, John Allan Cameron, Patricia McKinnon, Ryan's Fancy and the late Fred McKenna, singer-songwriters Gene MacLellan, Shirley Eikhard, and Jim Bennett; and even internationally known record producer Brian Ahern — remains unmatched by any program in the country.

"But where is the next Anne Murray or the next Catherine McKinnon going to come from?" Jack O'Neill wonders. "After *Singalong*, we tried to develop other shows that could have some national appeal and support Maritime talent too, but we finally realized that if we created a show that was so general it would be acceptable to the network, it probably wouldn't be a vehicle for our own talent anymore. We also realized we were spending regional money that should have been spent developing talent to develop network shows that, for whatever reason, the network didn't like. So we decided to say the hell with Toronto and to just make programs the region itself can relate to."

Producing proudly parochial, popular programs is something CBC's New

foundland region does very well. "The philosophy of the CBC in Newfoundland has always been to do programming by, for and about Newfoundlanders," says Kevin O'Connell, producer of *All Around the Circle*, a Newfoundland folk music show, and *Up at Ours*, a comedy series set in a St. John's boarding house. Both shows were extremely popular with Newfoundland audiences as well as with viewers in other parts of the country, who saw them through the network's regional program exchange system. And both shows were unashamedly local.

"We believed if we could produce strong regional programming, other people would be interested in it too," O'Connell says, noting that *Coronation Street*, the popular British series, is based in a Lancashire working-class district. "It's watched by audiences around the world because it's real and because the producers didn't begin by watering down the reality to make it acceptable to others. The first step to making good programs is to make them for ourselves."

Jack O'Neill is now trying to do just that. *Ryan's Fancy on Campus*, his new 20-week variety series, is seen only in the Maritimes and features all regional performers, most of whom have never appeared on television before. "At least three of them," O'Neill boasts, "are good enough to have their own series."

Denis Ryan is also delighted. He recalls that when Ryan's Fancy, then an unknown group, was invited to appear on *Singalong Jubilee* for the first time in 1972, the group willingly spent more than it earned to charter a plane to Halifax for the taping and then back to Charlottetown the same day for a previous engagement. "*Singalong* was talked about across the country, so as a performer, you really wanted to be seen on it."

Today, Ryan hopes the new series will provide a similar regional boost to other young musicians. "I always tell people we got our start on *Singalong*, and I think it would be wonderful if, someday, other performers were able to say the same thing about our show."

Although Ryan himself worried that viewers might have become jaded since the days of *Singalong* and want to watch only well-known names, the new series — produced on a shoestring budget of \$200,000 with simple sets and no visual gimmicks — is extremely popular. "The ratings," O'Neill says, "have been incredible."

"I have the feeling we've come full circle," adds Jim Bennet, the former *Singalong* performer who's now a writer for the series. "We've tried everything, and what we do best is the simple, straightforward show without hype, the kind of show that almost shouts out the fact that it comes from Halifax. Unfortunately," he adds, "what we do best doesn't seem to be what the network wants anymore."

More's the pity. For the network — and for the rest of the country. ❧

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Cape Breton's hard, hard times

When they couldn't make enough money from farming or fishing or mill work, Cape Bretoners used to be able to fall back on jobs in the woods. Not anymore

When Winston MacPhail was only 10 years old, he had his first taste of a well loved job that's been the backbone of his income for most of his life: Working in the woods, cutting pulpwood and firewood. Although he raises a few cattle on his 450-acre property in Oban, N.S., he's in the woods almost every day, "even when the snow's up to his waist," his wife, Anne, says. In the past, he used to sell an average of more than 300 cords of pulpwood a year to the Nova Scotia Forest Industries (NSFI) pulp and paper mill at Point Tupper, and to some small, independent pulpards that ship wood overseas. Last year, as the pulp and paper market crumbled, he was able to sell only about 125 cords. "Now we're down to nothing," he says. "That's the way it is now."

MacPhail, 34, is one of thousands of Cape Bretoners who depend on the forests for full-time work or to supplement income from fishing, farming or jobs in town. When MacPhail started working in the woods, he says, "a fellow could make enough money to go to school and get your own clothes." Today, "the woods racket is over." Because world demand for Canadian pulp and paper has been steadily falling for the past 18 months, that familiar backstop is disappearing in Cape Breton. It couldn't have happened at a worse time. This winter, the official unemployment rate on the island stood at more than 20% (some estimate that the real rate is closer to 30%), and the forecasts for spring were mostly gloomy.

The casualties of the deepening recession in Cape Breton included about half the workforce at the Sydney steel plant. Because only one of the two furnaces at the aging Sydney Steel Corp. (SYSCO) plant is operating, close to 1,500 employees have been laid off since last spring. SYSCO's 1981-82 annual report shows a net operating loss of \$22 million, although educated guesses place the total loss, including unretired debts, at closer to \$50 million. Premier John Buchanan has tried to get the feds to free up funds to modernize the plant, and the province continues to pour in millions of dollars to keep at least half the workforce on the job. (The Cape Breton Development Corp. also reported an operating loss on its flagship coal division last year — more than \$22 million.)

In Glace Bay and Point Tupper, 700 employees of the Atomic Energy of

Canada heavy water plants waited for the federal cabinet to make up its mind about their future: It was to decide by April 1 whether to close the plants or keep spending more than \$120 million a year to keep them going.

Last year, NSFI went through a series of temporary shutdowns; at the end of the year, the newsprint mill, employing 250 of the plant's 1,200 workers, closed for three weeks. "We expect to be working at 75% of capacity in 1983," plant manager Ralph Keef says. "I would expect another shutdown in the newsprint mill before Easter." Sales manager Larry Welch, who blames the shutdowns on the poor world economy, warns that things will get worse before they get better in the industry. One reason for this is that new pulp and paper mills are to open in the next two years in the United States and Scandinavia.



MacPhail: "The woods racket is over"

In the meantime, the market decline is hurting thousands of Cape Bretoners, including people who sell firewood: Woodworkers have been shifting from pulpwood to firewood, creating an oversupply of firewood.

Tom Williams of Sydney, a partner in a company with four small pulpards in eastern Nova Scotia, says the company used to send a dozen boatloads of pulpwood overseas every year. Last year, only two shipments left his yards. He sympathizes with rural woodcutters, but "if you can't sell wood, you can't buy it."

Three years ago, eastern Nova Scotia pulpwood producers — contractors who employ as many as 40 or 50 woodworkers — formed a 1,500-member association to try to bring some order into the lands. In those three years, association

spokesman James M. O'Neill says the amount of pulpwood bought by the NSFI mill has fallen dramatically from 38,000 cubic metres in 1980 to only 10,000 this year. "The problem with this pulpwood production cutback," O'Neill says, "is that there are entire rural communities that depend substantially on the income derived from this production. So you're looking at almost shutting down some small little areas."

Many woodworkers, including contractors, don't qualify for unemployment insurance benefits. Neither does Winston MacPhail, a self-employed woodman. He says that, while income from his woodlot has fallen by a third, his property taxes have continued to climb. And only about 10% of what's left of his woodlot — after the husband cleaned him out — is high quality wood. "Different if you had good wood and you got your money out of it," he says. "But not now." Unless pulpwood prices improve quickly, "about three-quarters of us is going to be in quite a mess. There's no way out of it — welfare or something."

MacPhail has kept up his membership in a laborers' union, but in five years, he's been able to find only five weeks of construction work. "So I'm giving up the union racket as well," he says. "Eleven dollars a month for unemployment and no work. I don't know what the Lord is going to happen."

Neither does Kevin MacNeil, president of the Cape Breton Labor Council, although he does predict things will get worse. MacNeil believes the heavy water plants will close in March. And even if the government upgrades the steel plant, he says, the workforce will stay at its present level because there are no plans to expand steel production. "People are starting to realize that it's not temporary layoffs," he says. "Jobs are vanishing."

As welfare rolls swell, MacNeil says, "politicians are going to respond in their usual way and scapegoat a lot of people and cut them off social assistance, turn them loose and let them try to fend for themselves to keep the costs down. What that's going to mean in the long run, I don't know."

In Winston MacPhail's kitchen, Anne MacPhail talks wistfully of making it big at the bingo, or maybe in the next lottery. "That's all you can hope for," she says. Her husband figures there's no point in talking about going down the road: The good, old job-hunting grounds in Ontario and points west aren't what they used to be. "There's no jobs anywhere," he says. "I know fellows who went out west and the cost of living there is beyond reason, too. A lot of them came back. I don't know where to go. Stay and starve." He laughs. "That's the way it is."

—George Butler

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Goodbye, farmland. Hello, tourist town

P.E.I. Tories used to preach the virtues of preserving the Island's traditional, rural way of life. They've come a long way, baby

From the spotless kitchen of his 110-year-old, P.E.I. farmhouse, Hubert Sanderson gazes out to the blue waters of St. Peters Bay, where thousands of white floats marking mussel culture leases dance in the sunlight. "No, I don't think I'd set up farming again," Sanderson says quietly. "Especially with the milk — this quota business — it's very tough." Sanderson and his wife, Helen, who works at the co-op store in the nearby village of St. Peters, have decided to sell their 90 acres to Bert Evans, president of a B.C. real estate company. Their dairy and hog farm is in the middle of a proposed \$50-million tourist development Evans is planning.

The P.E.I. cabinet recently gave the project conditional approval; one of the conditions is that Evans must first buy the Sanderson property. Although the deal isn't final ("The offer was too low to even talk about," Sanderson says bitterly), there seems little doubt that the Sandersons will soon be leaving their farm.

The cabinet's decision marks a major departure for the Tory government from the days when former premier Angus MacLean preached the virtues of revitalizing the Island's traditional rural communities and preserving the family farm. Evans' proposed development will cover 1,490 acres in the north shore community of Greenwich, taking in one of the most spectacular sand dune ecosystems on the Island. The dunes, stretching about 6 km along the northern shore of the Green-wich peninsula, tower as high as 12 m, knit together by the delicate roots of marram grass. They give way to marshy wetlands, a home to birds, foxes and other small animals. The beach beyond the dunes stretches for mile on mile of hard-packed white sand. A few miles to the east, the frame houses of St. Peters sit surrounded by quiet farmland.

At present, tourism doesn't play a big part in the economy of the area. Although there's a provincial campsite overlooking the village, you can't see the dunes from the main road, and most tourists drive by, headed for the beaches at Cavendish. If the development goes ahead, all this will change.

Preliminary plans are to build 400 condominiums; a 200-unit hotel or motel with swimming pools, tennis and squash courts and restaurants; an 18-hole golf course; a 3,500-foot airstrip for small private planes and a marina with floating docks. Evans plans to form a corporation with three other B.C. residents,

and two from Seattle, Wash. "We don't have the ability to assemble that amount of land out here," Evans says. "We could in P.E.I., because of your land values."

Although Evans now has the green light he's been waiting for 10 years to get, he says that because of the recession, he's in no hurry. He expects each condominium will sell for about \$200,000, and plans to sell them before starting any construction. "It will be at least 1984 before there's a turnaround," he says. "We're just working quietly away at it, doing planning."

Meanwhile, the proposal has been provoking a storm of protest on the Island. In an editorial in the local weekly newspaper, *The Eastern Graphic*, publisher Jim MacNeill accused the government of selling out. "The development will give few permanent decent paying jobs to Islanders, but a massive handout to the developer," he said.

History professor David Weale, principal secretary to Angus MacLean when he was premier, says cabinet approval for the project "represents a betrayal of the Conservative party's own policy. Unfortunately, one of the people in cabinet who was always in favor of [the Green-wich development] is the present premier [former real estate salesman Jim Lee]."

MacNeill agrees. "When MacLean was there, many of those guys followed his line," he says. "It was a ploy to get elected, to show they were different from the Liberals. Once he was gone, they were able to revert back to being what politicians on the Island have always been. They're prepared to deal with promoters."

Under MacLean's leadership, the Tories talked of the virtues of the small, mixed, family-owned farm, alternate energy, rural life. A moratorium on shopping mall development, a program of assistance for small and part-time farmers and legislation limiting land ownership all reinforced the Island's image as a rural haven. Much of the Island's tourist promotion is based on this image. But the rural renaissance just farms on the Island continues to drop; their average size continues to grow. In communities like St. Peters, the population has dwindled over the years, as young people move away to seek oppor-

The provincial government hopes the Greenwich development, with its massive

infusion of dollars, will turn things around for St. Peters. Second Kome MLA Roddy Pratt, a Conservative, says he's "delighted" the project has received conditional approval. "Jobs are line jobs, but at one time that was a thriving little community. Now it's a vacancy there. We can just see the little community going to pieces, with buildings falling in."

"I'm interested in viable communities," says Community Affairs Minister Gordon Lank. "If we want to be able to have our families stay on the Island, we have to look at some new things. Farming and fishing are very important, but they can exist together comfortably with tourism."

In 1981, Michael Simmons, a Halifax-based consultant, did an environmental impact study of the project to assess just how comfortable that existence would be. His report predicted an annual increase in public revenue of about \$1.75 million. Construction work would create about 1,000 man-years of work, but most jobs would go to Charlottetown or out-of-province workers. Between 125 and 140 man-years of work, generally low-paid, service jobs, would remain when the project was fully operational, and an expected \$1 million would go to the regional economy. Simmons also predicted that the fragile dunes at Greenwich would suffer less environmental damage from the development than have similar dunes at Cavendish.

But the Island Nature Trust and the Canadian Society of Environmental Biologists worry that the influx of tourists would severely harm the dune's ecosystem and are critical of the environmental impact study. "We felt there were a lot of questions raised and no solutions found," says Island Nature Trust president Daryl Guignion, a biologist who lives in Green Meadows. "For example there are records of the piping plover [a threatened bird species] nesting in the area, but there's nothing about a management plan to help them." Guignion says Simmons' comparison with the Cavendish dune system is not valid, because the P.E.I. National Park has money and manpower to control damage to the dunes. "Another thing that has bothered us is, Will there be an attempt to control the insect pests? This would have a very negative effect on wildlife, and we don't want to see that happen. We'd like to know in advance."

The National Farmers' Union (NFU) opposes the development on the grounds that it will use up farmland. Evans owns the sand dunes; to allow this area to remain unmolested, the provincial govern-

ment has agreed to swap it for adjacent provincially owned agricultural land, bought by the publicly owned Land Development Corporation. "The LDC was set up to protect that land for future farmers," says NFU official Reg Phelan, who farms in the St. Peters area. "It weakens the whole structure, to give it away for development purposes. That's excellent agricultural land. If the politicians would take some steps to make sure we could make a living out of farming, the Island economy would be booming."

Retired farmer John S. Sutherland of Greenwich also objects to the proposed swap. "The government is giving away land it wouldn't sell to other farmers," Sutherland says. "I'm definitely against it. It will escalate the price of land and increase taxes as well."

LeRoy MacKenzie and Norbert Palmer, lobster fishermen, collectors of Irish moss and part-time trappers, say they're not interested in jobs the development might offer. And they're worried it may restrict access to their various enterprises. "I'm absolutely against it in every way," MacKenzie says. Palmer says mossers can make up to \$1,000 a week, and he doesn't want his business interfered with. "I think most people would sooner be their own boss," he says. "That's the tradition of this area."

Some St. Peters residents fear that the influx of up to 2,000 wealthy people into their small community will create unwanted changes in its social structure. "You move 2,000 people, wealthy people used to being waited on, into an area of three or four hundred population," Phelan says. "I hate to think about the future. It would have an incredible impact on traditional leadership patterns."

Those supporting the project say St. Peters will continue to die without it. "I'd like to see the town come back," says Hubert Sanderson. "This development could offer far more jobs than I can on my 90 acres."

"As far as employment goes, I suppose it would be fantastic," says Claire MacKinnon, manager of the St. Peters Co-op. "And I'd certainly appreciate it as far as the business goes. There used to be at least seven stores in St. Peters. Now there's just the one. It's stable, but I wonder for how long? If the older people die off, who's left?"

David Weale says the future is there, in things such as farming, mussel culture and fishing. Jim MacNeill says a reversal in the fortunes of rural P.E.I. will come "from individuals, not from government." And Claire MacKinnon says people should support their own small communities. "We don't need that big development to survive."

As consultant Simmons observes, there's no doubt the Greenwich project would change the community. Islanders simply have to make up their minds, he says, whether they want that change.

That, apparently, is a decision Premier Lee's Tories already have made.

—Susan Mahoney



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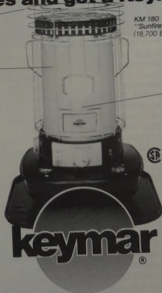
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An uneasy truce behind grim, grey walls

Overcrowded, ancient and dangerous, Dorchester Penitentiary now is going through a period of relative calm. But, as Ottawa once again postpones improvements to the prison, the threat of violence hangs in the air

Dorchester Penitentiary, especially in the steel grip of February, is not a pleasant place. It's a 19th-century fortress, a grim, stone face turned to the bleak and windswept expanse of snow-covered Memramcook marshes.

During the Seventies, violence at the region's only maximum-security prison earned it a reputation as one of Canada's most dangerous prisons. Now, a fragile stability has returned to Dorchester. Two years after a hostage-taking left prison guard Bill Morrison shot dead, inmates have turned to a more savvy and sophisticated "paper war," to force officials to make good on oft-repeated promises to improve Dorchester's 455 cells — dank and chill "concrete drums," in inmates' eyes — and its limited facilities and rehabilitation programs.

But, with recession biting deeply into Ottawa's revenues, and administrators looking for corners to cut, the outlook

says Warden Eugene Niles. "He is sentenced here to protect society."

By law, he says, an inmate "has the same rights as you and I, with the exception of two: He is not entitled to vote, and he's not entitled to freedom. He is entitled to shelter, protection from physical harm, medical and dental treatment, and to recreation and amenities."

How well Dorchester's dungeon-like structure meets even the more basic of those entitlements is open to question. The facility has some of the smallest cells in the federal corrections system, a scant five feet by nine. It lacks a communal dining hall. Its gymnasium and exercise yard are among the smallest of Canada's major penitentiaries.

"The cells are cold in winter," remembers a recently released inmate. "There's frost on the walls. The showers are dirty. There's bugs, silverfish around the sink. The joint is crowded, and they

And, at roughly \$41,000 an inmate annually, Dorchester is not inexpensive. Even without improvements, costs seem bound to rise: Hard times have increased prison populations steadily. Already Dorchester holds as many as 35 young offenders, often teenage, offenders waiting for space in the filled-to-capacity Springhill N.S. medium-security institution.

Various explanations have been given for the relative calm Dorchester is enjoying. Some give credit to the prison warden, Niles, who retired from the armed forces as a lieutenant colonel in 1977, has been in the job for only 20 months. But he has won respect for making decisions openly, and sticking to them with firmness.

More significant, perhaps, is the change in the character of inmates themselves. Twenty years ago, when education officer Ross Monk began working at Dorchester, most inmates were Maritimers. Perhaps a third were illiterate. Today, he says, many have experience in other federal prisons. All are better informed. "You're talking about an educated, articulate guy, who can make his point to you. They're no dummies."

His thoughts echo those of Al Plackitt, 26-year-old chairman of the Dorchester Inmate Committee, a westerner who spent time in three other federal penitentiaries before being sent here to finish a 10-year term.

"We're not stupid anymore," Plackitt says. "You've got intelligent guys in here. Inmates can be political, too. All we have to do is write to Ottawa and it's all written down — what we're entitled to."

Dorchester's warden is aware of the impending squeeze between dwindling resources and prisoners' demands, many of them rooted in legal rights and clear federal policy. "If we cannot meet those demands," Niles says, "it will make for a much more dangerous situation."

Plackitt agrees. "You don't give somebody something just to take it away," he says. "It could become pretty violent."

Writing to Ottawa may vent the "joint's" frustrations. It may even prod the bureaucracy into action. But if words fail, it's not hard to imagine what the alternative will be. The anticipation of violence can be read in the very fabric of Dorchester: In the tear gas canisters in the armory; the strip-searches and body-cavity searches that sometimes follow contact with visitors; the steel lattice gun-cages, high on the walls.

—Chris Wood



Behind 20-foot stone walls are 455 small, dank and chilly cells

for improvements is not bright. The threat of renewed violence is a continuing, unstated presence.

Since 1880, Dorchester has been the Maritimes' (and, since 1949, Newfoundland's) repository for criminals doing "hard federal time." A man who rapes a woman in Saint John, another who kills his brother on Prince Edward Island, career break-and-enter artists from Halifax — all have ended up behind its 20-foot stone walls topped with electric cable and double-barbed security wire.

The pitiless stone face of the old prison's main block was designed to inspire a healthy dread of punishment in the minds of Victorian criminals. Its effect has not changed much. "I was terrified, from the minute I went in until I got out," a frequent volunteer visitor recalls of the mid-Seventies, when riots and major disturbances were frequent.

The public may believe a criminal is sent here for punishment. "He is not,"

[the inmates] have nothing to do. I looked over my shoulder until the day I left. You got to."

Dorchester's forbidding presence so intimidated that young inmate's family, they virtually stopped visiting him. But improvements would be expensive, replacing even more so. And Ottawa's highly publicized good intentions, in the wake of a 1977 parliamentary committee report on the "crisis" in Canada's penitentiaries, have largely been forgotten as the economy declined.

A commitment to build 24 new prisons — at up to \$40 million apiece — to replace by 1979 mouldering fortresses such as Dorchester and Ontario's Kingston Pen went unfulfilled. More recently, \$7.2 million in planned repairs at Dorchester (which would have modernized the institution's inadequate heating system) were postponed.

Further cuts perhaps to existing programs and staff, may also be on the way. Corrections Canada spent much of last fall reviewing prison budgets.

Laying Joey's ghost

Newfoundland Liberals hope they can revive their ailing party by making voters forget about the bad years of the Smallwood regime. Considering the party's leadership choices so far, that could be difficult

Steve Neary, puffing on a fat cigar, leans back on the sofa in his St. John's office and talks about Joey Smallwood, born-again Liberals and winning the next election. The silver-haired, soft-spoken Neary is the latest in a procession of Newfoundland Liberal party leaders since Smallwood's scandal-tainted government collapsed a decade ago. But although the party is at an all-time low in popularity, Neary predicts the tide will turn soon. "It's taken us 10 years to recover from the Smallwood stigma," he says, "but I think we've done it. I'm amazed at all the born-again Liberals that are starting to surface."

Ironically, some party organizers believe that Neary himself is part of the Liberals' problem in Newfoundland, because he's so closely associated with the bad, old, Joey days. To rebuild the party machine, younger members say, the Liberals must acquire a fresh, new look. With their present leadership prospects, that could be difficult.

The two front runners for the leadership — to be decided at a convention next year — are the same old faces that were part of the Liberal downhill slide 10 years ago. Neary, 57, appointed interim leader by the Liberal caucus last year, is the longest-sitting member of the legislature. A former mining company employee, he's been a full-time politician for 16 years. He was a backbencher and then a minister without portfolio during Smallwood's final years in power. And he's already run twice for the party leadership.

The man who defeated him for the leadership in 1974 was lawyer Ed Roberts, 42. He's a well-respected politician, and, unlike Neary, he's always won his seat with a clear majority. But he's also strangled by the Smallwood albatross. He was first elected to the legislature in 1966 and served as Welfare minister in Smallwood's government.

The Liberals have another year to come up with a new face. But some party insiders doubt that even that would counteract voters' deep resentment of the Liberal party. In 1979, the Liberals persuaded Don Jamieson, Newfoundland's most successful federal politician, to come home to lead them into a provincial election. The Liberals lost, 33 to 19, and Jamieson resigned from politics 18 months later. The strategy failed again in 1982, when Len Stirling, a relative new-

comer, led the party into another provincial election. He lost his own seat, and the party's standing in the legislature dropped to a post-Confederation low of eight seats.

Today, from behind his cloud of cigar smoke, Neary tries to analyse what went wrong. He believes the Liberals would still be in power if Smallwood had resigned in 1968 when he said he was going to. Instead, the former premier hung on, defeating John Crosbie in the 1969 Liberal leadership race and, in the process, splitting the party. Crosbie, now a member of Parliament, defected to the Tories, taking with him his energetic campaign manager, Brian Peckford. Alex Hickman, Smallwood's Justice minister, also crossed the floor, as did three other cabinet ministers and two backbenchers. (Crosbie says Smallwood actually fired him and another cabinet minister who threatened to resign over a policy dispute: Joey had their chairs moved to the other side of the House and screwed to the floor.)

At the time of the party split in the late Sixties, the government was in trouble. Unemployment was at its highest level since Confederation. Welfare recipients were marching on the legislature. And Smallwood was under attack for concessions to industrialists John

Shaheen and John C. Doyle, who had both launched multimillion-dollar disasters in Newfoundland — the Come By Chance refinery and the linerboard mill in Stephenville. The failure of both enterprises in the early Seventies, and their subsequent takeover by the government, left a lasting impression on people's minds and pocketbooks. Crosbie predicts it will be years before the Liberal party recovers.

But Neary insists that the stigma has worn off and that the same arrogance that destroyed Smallwood's government will topple Peckford. Like Smallwood, Neary says, Peckford is overbearing and carried away by his own importance — traits that result from winning too large a majority. (Both premiers have had landslide election victories, Smallwood in 1966 and Peckford in 1982.) "Most people won't admit it," Neary says, "but I think they recognize the similarities between the two."

Smallwood blames the Liberals' defeat on voter fickleness. Pointing to landslide victories won by former prime minister John Diefenbaker and former U.S. president Richard Nixon, he says, "Politicians can just as easily be booted out."

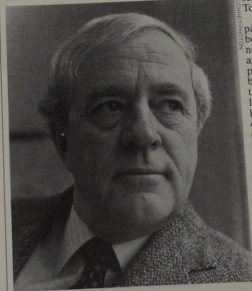
The Liberals lost 19 seats in the 1971 election and another 10 in a provincial election just five months later. Ed Roberts says their problem since then has been that no one knows what the party stands for.

"When Joey was premier, everyone knew what his policies were — in fact, he was the Liberal party," he says. "But now people just look at us as Ottawa's lackeys." Although he disapproves of Peckford's fervent Newfoundland nationalism, he says, it at least gave people something to vote for. Anti-Trudeau sentiment also helped the

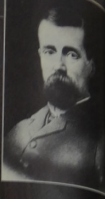
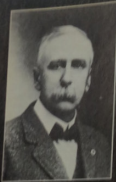
Tories.

Roberts maintains that the party leader's qualities won't be the deciding factor in the next election. But history — and the opinion of many other party members — doesn't bear that out. For 23 years, the Liberal party was virtually uncontested in Newfoundland because of the strength of one man, Joey Smallwood. (Now 82, he says he'd take on the leadership again if he were 10 years younger.) And the Tory premier is a man with many of Smallwood's qualities — an energetic idealist with spellbinding speaking ability. If the Liberals hope to defeat him, they'll need a leader with some of Smallwood's legendary strength — but without the failings that left the party in the shambles it's in today.

— Bonnie Woodworth



Neary: Some say he's part of the problem



Founder James H. Ganong (upper right); brother Gilbert W. Ganong (left); plant worker Darlene Witter

The sweet, sweet smell of success

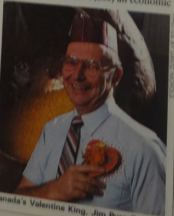
While other businesses falter in the recession, a little, old candy factory in St. Stephen, N.B., is outpacing the multinational giants of the confectionery industry. Its secret? Loyal employees. Teamwork. And lots of chocolate in the Chicken Bones

By David Folster

Jim Purcell is the man in charge of production for Ganong Bros. Ltd., the Lilliputian candy-makers from St. Stephen, N.B., who must compete in a world of corporate Gullivers, and he ought to be tough as hard tack. But he isn't. His twinkling eyes are one clue; another is the way, on a walking tour of the plant, he calls every employee by name. Or the way he explains his personal interest in an old Ganong standard — those nostalgic, gussied-up, heart-shaped boxes of valentine chocolates. Purcell, 47, who has been dubbed the Valentine King of Canada, still travels the country teaching salesmen how best to show their hearts to customers. "With all the hatred in the world today," he says, "it's nice to sell love."

People who tend to get heartburn from such sentimentality suggest that Ganong should get out of its Norman Rockwell world of hearts and flowers and cater to modern tastes. But this is no ordinary company. Its president,

39-year-old David Ganong, concedes, "The economic logic for this enterprise existing just isn't there." But with 250 employees, 300 different product lines and an international reputation for quality, Ganong has given tiny St. Stephen (population: 5,200) an economic



Canada's Valentine King, Jim Purcell

base as solid as...well...the big rock candy mountain. "We depend on Ganong's," says Mayor Doug Hansen. "If they folded, the town would survive, but it'd be difficult."

Last fall, as the country plunged deeper into recession and industries everywhere were closing or laying off workers, Ganong was still setting production records. In October, the company shipped more candy than ever before in a single month, and during November it established a new high for weekly production.

As Purcell observes, the Ganong company makes a big deal of St. Valentine's Day. Part of the reason is tradition — the company was, in 1932, the first to sell the valentine heart boxes — and part is business sense: U.S. market surveys show that St. Valentine's Day remains the day for giving boxed chocolates. "In spite of hard times one can always afford a box of candy," says vice-president Bill Cleghorn, "especially for a gift or special occasion." But the Ganong firm's long-term durability stems from other reasons, including a remarkable family, a spirit of teamwork and small-town neighborliness.

The company started in St. Stephen in 1872 as a small bakery and candy store

that sold fudge and candy kisses. Its founder was James H. Ganong; his other business interests included a cotton mill in nearby Milltown and the Surprise Soap Co., whose large yellow bars of soap remained familiar to Maritimers until the company folded after the Second World War.

When James died in 1888, his brother Gilbert took over the candy business. He also sat in the House of Commons and became New Brunswick's lieutenant-governor in 1917. But the Ganong who really established legends within the old factory was James's son Arthur. Joining the firm in 1896, and staying for the next 64 years, Arthur ate three pounds of candy a day, could detect a changed recipe at the drop of a teaspoon and, until just before his death at 83, was still bounding up the factory steps two at a time, laughing at younger employees who couldn't keep up the pace.

His brothers and sisters were no slouches, either. Susan Ganong bought and ran the Netherwood School for Girls in Rothesay, N.B. A brother was a university electrical engineering professor; another became a general manager of the Lever Brothers soap company, and a third, W.F. Ganong, an eminent botanist at Smith College in Northampton, Mass., spent 57 summers exploring his beloved New Brunswick and writing about its natural history.

All of this family history is fondly recalled today by the present patriarch, R. Whidden Ganong. He'd intended to be a soldier, attending Royal Military College in Kingston, Ont., for 2½ years before his father, Arthur, lured him home with a convincing argument about responsibility to the family, business and community. "He was right," he says. "I've never regretted it." Joining the company in 1927, he retired as president half a century later. He also became a part-time chicken farmer on "the most beautiful farm in N.B.," was the first president of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, played an active role in sports such as baseball, tennis and curling, and served as St. Stephen's mayor for two years. He boosted his energy by picking up his father's candy habit — eating 1½ pounds a day.

With white hair, bright blue eyes and an easy laugh, Whidden Ganong, at 75, remains the most positive of men. Yet he attributes his accomplishments to "luck, all luck" and says he's so bashful he sometimes crosses the street to avoid meeting people. His wife worked at one of the handcrafting operations in the plant, dipping chocolates, and he courted her for 14 years before proposing. "Just couldn't get up enough nerve to ask her," Eleanor Ganong died last spring after a lengthy bout with cancer. "She was quite a girl," recalls her husband. "Two people couldn't have gotten along better. We were married 40 years and knew each other pretty well." He speaks with similar fondness about his

parents. "My mother was exceptionally talented, a great reader, and my father was my best friend. We played a game of tennis every noon and enjoyed hunting and fishing."

The Ganongs have always been great sportsmen, and it's a matter of corporate lore that the nut bars that Arthur and plant superintendent George Ensor made up for fishing trips prompted the company to introduce North America's first five-cent chocolate bar in 1910. The story is bittersweet, however. Whidden contends that U.S. candy-maker Walter Lowney discovered the Ganong bar while on a trip to Montreal, copied everything from mould to wrapper, and thereby got American credit for "inventing" the chocolate bar.

The Ganong company had better luck in claiming several other "firsts," however, including the first Canadian lollipops and that particular Maritime favorite, the cinnamon-covered, chocolate-centred Chicken Bone.

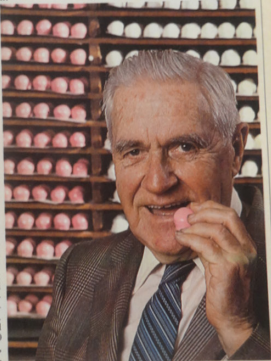
In the early years, the company sought out skilled craftsmen wherever it could find them. "We got the best candy-makers from all over the world," recalls Whidden. "They knew candy and used nothing but the best ingredients. That's when we got our tremendous reputation for quality." It was all hand work in those days, and the company imported production workers by the boatload. Between 1905 and 1907 it brought 150 girls from England, Scotland and Wales, and later it commissioned schooners to go to Newfoundland for workers. By the time Whidden joined the firm in the fall of 1927, the company had 750 employees. "The emphasis was on manufacturing then," he says. "Now it's on merchandising."

The company came to a crossroads in the candy business about a dozen years ago. Competitors were saying, probably correctly, that it was too old-fashioned to survive in a modern business world. "We inherited a high-quality product," David Ganong says, "but in the late Sixties it was obvious we had to reshape our marketing approach." In the fall of 1968, he went back to college to take a master's degree in business, with emphasis on marketing, at the University of Western

Ontario.

"I returned [to the company] in the spring of 1970 prepared to make changes. We all pulled together as a team, and our approach to the business became more aggressive." Besides making changes in marketing and advertising, the company decided to replace some of the old hand operations with machines. It bought a starch machine in Australia and a \$300,000 chocolate-enrobing machine. And, having done little direct advertising as recently as the Sixties, Ganong began running ads on radio and television and in national magazines.

The transition has been successful. In the Seventies, Ganong tripled its dollar sales. And when final figures are in for



Patriarch R. Whidden Ganong eats 1½ pounds of candy a day

1982, David Ganong says, "our growth will lead all the other confectionery businesses." That's not bad for a little, independent company — 90% owned by its own management and tucked away on the Maine border — whose competitors are giants such as Adams Brands, William Neilson Ltd., Rowntree Mackintosh and Hershey Foods.

Still, despite its modern business techniques, Ganong remains essentially a down-home company. Nothing says this more eloquently than the company's ancient red-brick factory, which sprawls back from St. Stephen's main drag, Milltown Boulevard. In another part of town Ganong does have a spanking new warehouse (on Chocolate Drive,

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Donald Hinsdale socks chocolate to Chicken Bones

naturally), but the old factory, with its long windows, hardwood floors, and sweet, sweet smells, is where the action is.

In the offices at the front, visions of sugar plums dance through management heads. They include facts about regional tastes — that, for example, gumdrops are a big favorite in Quebec, jellied ju-jubes popular in western Canada, and peppermints a hot item in New Brunswick. The days are long gone when Ganong had 1,000 different candy lines and brought out three new "penny goods" each month. But, Purcell says, "we're constantly trying out new things. If one person develops a new formula for a product, we give it a try."

For anyone with a sweet tooth, the plant beyond the corporate offices is a fantasyland. On the top floor are two immense "hot tubs," each filled with 2,000 pounds of swirling chocolate that is gravity-fed to the lower floors. On one of these floors sits the 96-foot-long chocolate enrobing machine where candy centres go in at one end and emerge coated with chocolate and ready for packing at the other. Near another chocolate machine, four women work at "hand stringing" the pieces, each dipping a finger in a pot of chocolate and swirling it on top of the candies as they pass by. "I enjoy it," Betty Tozer, a Ganong employee for 19 years, says. "I never get tired of it."

Elsewhere in the factory, which has had 14 additions over the years, are copper cauldrons of bubbling nougat, fondant and fudge, and spinning drums resembling cement mixers in which candies are polished, oiled and coated with sugar. The lozenges department, which from top to bottom with starch used to prevent sticking, looks like the North Pole. And, in the room



Marie Robinson swirls chocolate on top of candies

where he's been making the famous Chicken Bones for the past decade, Donald Hinsdale, a 25-year veteran with the company, explains why the handmade Ganong variety surpasses the competition's machine-made bones. When made by machine, he says, they have just a thin chocolate centre and a thick cinnamon cover. At Ganong, Hinsdale pours "real bitter chocolate" into the centre of what looks like 10 feet of pink taffy. Hinsdale works the mass until the chocolate is completely covered, then feeds the candy into a machine that cuts it to chicken-bone size. It's a fine art to ensure that no pieces go through minus their chocolate centres. Does he ever make mistakes? "Sure," says Hinsdale, "doesn't everybody?"

The place has a definite atmosphere of team spirit — perhaps because so many of the firm's managers participated in team sports. (Vice-president of finance Bill Cleghorn, for example, a star centre fielder and baseball coach in his day, hired Jim Purcell because his team needed a hard-hitting first baseman.) The collective attitude is summed up by a veteran salesman who says, "You don't work for Ganong's, you work with them." One hallmark of the company over the years has been the length of time it keeps its staff: Three New Brunswick salesmen have more than 86 years combined service with the firm; a woman on the production line matter-of-factly relates that she's been there 37 years; Purcell, with the company more than 23 years, mentions four sisters who ran up a remarkable total of 150 years before retiring. Full-time wages at the plant, David Ganong says, are well above the minimum wage. And the company, which is still non-unionized (employees have never tried to form a union), imple-



Margaret Shaugnessy finishes off a valentine box

mented pension and group insurance plans long before they became widespread corporate practice. In return, "our employees are willing to go the extra mile for us," David Ganong says. "The multinationals don't have that kind of support." He says this factor and the company's continuing emphasis on "people and not machines," which gives it a greater flexibility in production, is why, in a business where there've been many mergers and takeovers, Ganong has remained independent as taffy and pure as the driven peppermint.

It also remains popular in its home town. "Both the Ganong family and the company are community-minded," says Mayor Hansen, citing in particular their "enormous contribution" to sports in St. Stephen. At the offices of the weekly *Saint Croix Courier*, reporter Don Richardson, 22, says a local axiom is that if you live in St. Stephen long enough, you're sure to work at Ganong. "In a way, the people of St. Stephen are the company's best sales people. They push the Ganong products everywhere." Another reporter, Reed Haley, says he sends a bucket of Chicken Bones to Texas and several boxes of chocolates to Calgary every Christmas.

In the end, the Ganong story is about an anachronism that works. A scene in the factory one day late last November says it all. Clusters of chocolates were moving along a packing belt, and white-frosted workers were inserting them in trays for valentine boxes. All except one worker. Madeline Hiltz was fussing with the bright-colored bow on one of the boxes. "It had a bit of black on it," she explained, "but it's OK now." The box was one of thousands Ganong produced for this St. Valentine's Day, but Hiltz just had to get it right. Now that's love.

The fabulous, fighting Hilton family

It all started when a young man from Edmundston, N.B., first stepped into a ring at Amherst, N.S. David Hilton went on to become a featherweight champion. And now he's chief of a clan of some of the best young boxers in Canada

By James Goss

Jean Hilton figures it's the blood; how else do you explain her fighting family? Take David, her husband. He started out in Edmundston, N.B., and fought his first bout as a flyweight in Amherst, N.S. Then he went on to fight 209 more, winning all but 14. And that's only the battles he had in the ring.

Now there's David Hilton Jr., 18 — 145 wins, two losses; the number one contender for the Canadian professional welterweight crown.

And Alex Hilton, 17 — 110 fights, one loss. Ranked third among Canada's professional middleweights.

And Matthew Hilton, 17, who just had a birthday and turned pro in January. One hundred and six amateur fights. Won 'em all.

And Stewart Hilton, 14 — 35 wins, three losses.

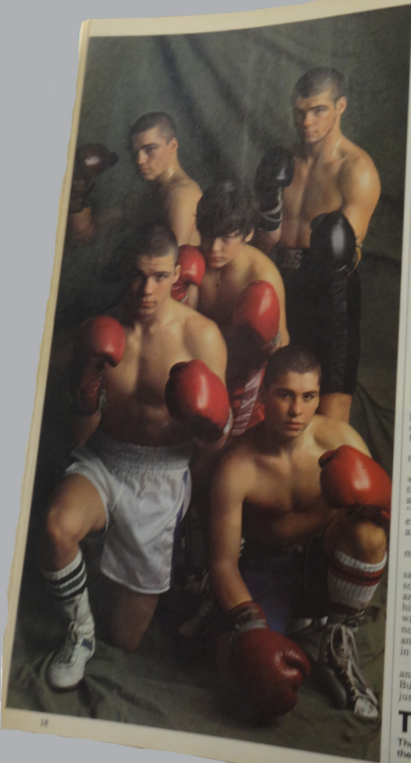
And little Jimmy Hilton, 10, who weighs in at just 85 pounds, looks like the little guy on *Leave It to Beaver* but already has seven fights under his belt. "They call them exhibitions at that age," explains his father. "But he won them all."

The Hiltons also have a daughter; she married a boxer.

"It's in their blood for sure," Jean says. "because Jimmy was punching as soon as he could walk. I couldn't hang anything out on the clothesline without him punching it all to heck." Jean, who was born in Halifax but lives in Montreal now with her clan of punchers, says she and Davey tried to get the boys interested in other sports.

"I spent a fortune on skates, hockey and baseball gear," her husband says. But the interest wasn't there. The kids just wanted to fight.

The Hiltons live in a large, beautiful flat in Montreal's French-speaking area. The Hiltons: Front, left to right, Matthew, Stewart; rear, Davey, Jimmy, Alex



east end. Trophies, paintings and photographs of the Hiltons in violent action cover the walls. "We need a big place with our crew," Jean says. "We always seem to have two or three young fighters coming with us in addition to our own." Davey blames the *Rocky* films for some of that. "New kids seem to show up after each new film. We've seen them all ourselves, too."

The very polite Hilton boys don't seem like tough guys. They all seem so small, so young, so cute. But between them, these kids have taken part in 409 organized slugfests.

Davey junior is here with Anna-Maria, his new wife, whom he met at the gym (her little brothers are boxers). Davey and Anna-Maria have an apartment nearby, but Davey senior, the family trainer, isn't allowing the young couple to live together — or sleep together — these days because the boy has another big fight coming up in a few weeks. "No marital relations three weeks before a fight," says the father.

Davey junior kisses his pregnant wife on the neck. Once, twice, three times.

"Five weeks if you don't behave yourself," threatens the trainer. A boxer has to feel mean and vicious when he steps into the ring.

Davey senior used to be the boys' sparring partner, as well. Not anymore. "They hit too hard now. Just like I used to tell them when it was time to go to bed. Now I ask."

"Diet is another thing we have to watch," says their mother. "They eat nothing but hard foods. You know... steak, chicken, fish, salads, fresh fruit. No junk food around here."

Matthew, who has a sweet tooth, recently started putting on weight in places he wasn't supposed to. His father was confused. "No matter how much we watched his diet, he kept putting on more pounds." Then one day, a family friend mentioned the boy's fondness for doughnuts. "Doughnuts? What do you mean doughnuts? He has a fight coming up. He's in training!" He was also, squealed the friend, over at the Dunkin' Doughnut shop every day. Matthew blushes and everybody has a good laugh.

Davey senior's first fight was at the Catholic Youth Centre in Amherst, where his family lived at the time. "My father — he fought amateur — was a steeplejack and we moved around a lot." In the dressing room for the pre-fight weigh-in, he was scared stiff. "Just a kid, eh. Fighting in swim trunks and running shoes. No proper gear or anything like that."

He also didn't know who, among the fighters in the room, his opponent was. "So I just sat there waiting for them to call our names. Finally, there were only two boxers left. Me and this other big guy. At least he looked big to me. And hairy. I figured anyone with that much hair had to be a lot older — and a lot more experienced. He was wearing real

boxing shoes and trunks. And his hands were bandaged to make them tougher. Just like a real pro."

The ring announcer introduced the fighters. The bell rang.

"I ran across the ring, hit him on the chin and knocked him cold."

Davey went on to hold the feather-weight championship of Canada between 1958 and 1965, and he retired undefeated from that division. He also won the junior middleweight title in Quebec City in 1972 and held that title for three years undefeated.

Once, Davey senior recalls, he fought Halifax fighter Buddy Daye, knocking him out in 45 seconds. "Halifax, Moncton, Saint John, Africa, Jamaica, I fought in all those places. Fought three world champs in all. Billy Backus, the welterweight champ, I fought in Syracuse. I had him down twice but he beat me on a cut. Louis Rodriguez, another welterweight world champ, beat me on a 10-round decision in Miami Beach. Kid Bassey, the featherweight, I fought in Saint John. I won the decision but it wasn't a title fight."

Davey Hilton was also the Golden Gloves champ of Texas, Kentucky and Tennessee. "That's when I got to know Muhammed Ali, who was Cassius Clay at the time and a year younger than me. He writes about me on page 96 of his book." Ali remembered Hilton as one of several young boxers for whom winning Golden Gloves championships meant getting the "master's degrees they needed for professional work."

In the Hiltons' living room, the conversation turns to the dangers of professional boxing. Late last year, a visitor points out, South Korean boxer Duk Koo Kim died following a fight with Ray (Boom Boom) Mancini. "Didn't that scare you as boxers? And as parents? People die in the ring."

The Hiltons aren't impressed. The boys have nothing at all to say about dying. They've never even been really hurt yet.

"Sure, we think about it when it happens," their father says. "But people get killed all over the place. They just play it up more when it's boxing." The Kim-

Mancini fight, he observes, "was all toe-to-toe slugging. No defence at all. I never fought like that and neither do my boys. They don't lead with their chins. They aren't catchers (boxers who catch a lot of punches). I wouldn't let them fight at all if they were catchers. And any time they want to quit is fine by me. I think they all have the ability to be good pros but that's up to them."

He says it isn't always easy to please the fans. "If I move the boys too fast, people say I'm a greedy father out to make a buck with them. If I select easier opponents, people say I'm a father who is looking for easy wins. You can't win."

Some fans believe the Hiltons turn professional too young. The rules say



Papa Dave: Fighting's in their blood... for sure

pro boxers must be 18, but the Hiltons, because of their long and winning amateur records, get special permission to fight for money at 17.

"They aren't rich yet," one gym owner says. "But they are very, very good, and can you imagine the crowd at the Montreal Forum when there are three — or more — Hilton brothers on the card?"

Still, there are those who believe the boys should stay in school longer, remain in the amateur ranks and represent Canada in the 1984 Olympics. Montreal sportswriter Tim Burke was disappointed when Davey junior and Alex turned professional, and unhappy to hear that Matthew is following in their footsteps.

"Matty Hilton may be the best

SPORTS

amateur fighter ever turned out in this country," Burke wrote in *The Gazette*. "He is one of the greatest young fighters ever." Burke believed Matthew should represent Canada in the Olympics. But Matthew wants to be with his brothers. And they're pros.

"They want to be together," Jean says. "That means fighting together, too."

Last year, Matthew fought two bouts in four days in South Carolina. He won both, but he didn't enjoy being on the road without the rest of the family. As a professional trainer, Davey senior can't work the corners in amateur fights. "It wasn't the same without my father in the corner," Matthew says. "Not as much fun."

"One of his opponents didn't show up down there, and they put him in with a fighter who was 10 pounds heavier," his father says. "I didn't like that. It wouldn't have happened had I been there. My boys are good, but they are athletes not supermen."

In the gym, David Hilton watches his boys shadow-box, skip rope and punch bags, and remarks that he hopes they never get the kind of reputation he earned. He was a champ — but he was known as much for his fights out of the ring. He drank a bit, he wasn't very big, and "there was always somebody around who'd take one look at me and say, 'That's Davey Hilton and he doesn't look so tough to me.' " He wasn't always able to look the other way. Or turn the other cheek. "And every time one of my friends got into a scrap they'd call on me to finish it."

Professional boxers, he concedes, aren't supposed to do that sort of thing. "I'm just not the same when I drink."

Little Jimmy is throwing punches at his image in a big mirror. Stewart is practicing haymakers on the heavy bag near the poster of Joe Frazier. Matthew is doing situps. Davey junior and Alex are sparring in the ring.

"They are quite a family," says Richard Hébert, 25, a professional welterweight who also works as a policeman in suburban Laval. "They have a lot of talent and a lot of courage."

"Take it easy, take it easy," hollers their father. "Nothing crazy in there." He doesn't want Alex and Davey to hurt

themselves. "You have to watch them," he says. "Sometimes two brothers go at it harder than strangers."

A phone rings in the gym office. It's for Alex, who has just finished sparring for Alex, and who says he'll take the call on the extension near the ring. His father isn't at all happy about that. "Who was that?" he demands after the boy hangs up.

"Just some girl."

"That's not allowed. You've got a fight coming up. No calls. No girls. You're either going to be a six-round fighter or a champ. You have to be mean and vicious."

"But I didn't call her, Dad. She called me. She's always calling. Here and at the house."

Next time she called, Alex Hilton was

a knockout 'cause I just found a porno here under your table,' says brother Stewart.

The bouncer allows some friends so they can wish the boys luck.

"Hey Davey, go for the body."

Hard and fast.

"Hey Davey, go for the head."

Always the head, eh Davey?

"Loosen up, kid. You'll kill him."

"They're all waiting for you Alex."

The place is jammed.

A boxing commission official insists Alex's bandages, attesting that his hands were taped according to the rules.

Alex is dancing around the room, throwing punches, warming up, looking much older, much larger and far more dangerous than he did sitting on the Chesterfield at home.

They're banging at the door. "You're on, Alex."

The trainers have just finished applying grease to his body. The grease helps the punches slip off, somebody explains.

"Don't forget to stick some up his nose," shouts Davey senior, busy taping his eldest son's hands. Then he kisses Alex. Davey junior, Matthew, Stewart and Jimmy do the same.

Alex's opponent is Marty Cole, a fighter from Nova Scotia. One minute and three seconds in to the fourth round, Cole's corner admits defeat. The large

crowd cheers. The Hiltons are big favorites in Montreal. Alex runs back to the dressing room, kisses everybody again, tells reporters it was his toughest fight but no, "he didn't hurt me at all."

When Davey junior enters the ring, they're playing the theme from *Rocky* over the loudspeakers. His opponent, Jean-Paul Pétrin of Hull, Que., removes his silk gown. Just for laughs, he's wearing a bullet-proof vest. The Hiltons, seems, have been telling reporters Davey's going for the body. The crowd loves it. Even Davey junior smiles broadly.

But his father resents the joke. He calls it intimidation. When Pétrin goes close to the Hilton corner, Davey senior tells him to shove off or he'll knock him out himself. Right now.

He doesn't have to. His boy does for him at 1:08 of the sixth round. The victory party that follows is the kind of celebration the fighting Hiltons have learned to love — and expect.



The clan with Mama Jean: No junk food here

to tell her never to call again before a fight. "You got that clear?"

Like all these Hiltons, Alex wants to be a champ. So he agrees and heads for the speed bag.

Early this winter, the entire family gathers at Montreal's Paul Sauvé arena to watch Davey junior and Alex White, 78, originally from Blackville, N.B. ("She forgot her nerve pills and got pretty excited," Jean Hilton says later. "When the man in front of her stood up and blocked her view, she slammed him in the back.")

The Hiltons have their own dressing room. When their bouncer admits a reporter at 7:30 p.m., Davey junior is stretched out on a table, trying to relax. Over in the corner, his father is taping Davey's hands, turning them into bandaged weapons.

"Hey, Davey, you're going to win by

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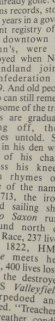
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FOLKS

Margaret and Ralph Hennigar have a lot in common. She publishes the Lunenburg, N.S., *Progress Enterprise*; he publishes *The Bulletin in Bridgewater*. She's president of the 47-member Atlantic Community Newspaper Association. He's president of the 592-member Canadian Community Newspaper Association. Recently they both became town councillors in Mahone Bay. "We've agreed to disagree," Ralph says. "Both of us are quite independent." When they bought the Lunenburg paper and printing plant 15 years ago, the Hennigars were more interested in printing than publishing. Now that's changed. They say community newspapers are doing a good job. "They're a glimpse of what's happening in a community," says Ralph, who also practises law in Chester. "They're really the community backbone," says Margaret, who writes a weekly column about the family. When something bugs her, she cranks out a column: He's for herbicide spray and against government subsidies, "for businesses such as newspapers. For a while Margaret — once secretary to the publisher of Halifax's *Chronicle-Herald* — served as editor. Gradually, she brightened the *Progress Enterprise*, added more pictures and local stories. But the two papers don't compete. It would be "almost impossible," she says, for weeklies to try to compete with each other, or with other media. Still, she says, "We don't do a bad job."

For Newfoundland actress and playwright **Rhonda Payne**, moving to Zambia will mean a chance to continue doing her brand of theatre. The eight-year veteran of the now-defunct Mummies Troupe recently won a scholarship to participate in a community theatre at Kabwe in Zambia's copper belt. "I'm nervous about going, you bet," says the frizzy-haired 33-year-old. "But it's a job and a challenge." Payne, who has a long list of successes under her belt with the Mummies, got her first taste of African theatre last summer in Halifax when she directed the play *Sizwe Bansi is Dead* at Dalhousie University. Her plans are to see the Nova Scotia through a high school tour of Nova Scotia in April and then she's off to Africa. "At first, I'm just going to be an observer," says Payne. "But if I'm asked to act or direct, then I'll jump in." For a decade, the Mummies Troupe humorously depicted Newfoundland's social and political life. In Kabwe, education, Payne says the African illiteracy rate, and theatre is used to inform people about health problems, community sewer systems and the like. "People tell me Newfoundland is similar to a developing country, but they're fooling themselves. This is the Ritz compared to Zambia. Still, I want to go."

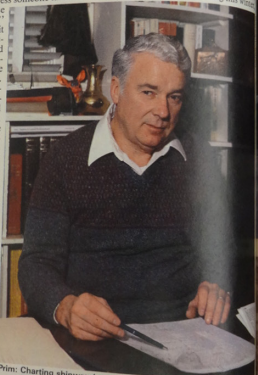
What started out as a winter hobby has turned into a lifetime project for **Captain Joseph Prim**, master of the CN Marine vessel *MV Ambrose Shea*. The veteran mariner is charting shipwrecks on Newfoundland's rocky coastline—a colossal task, considering more than 10,000 vessels went aground since then John Cabot's arrival 483 years ago. In the past five years, Prim has pored over dusty files in the Newfoundland archives, traced government salvage records to Ottawa and come up with enough information to locate 4,000 of the wrecks. He plans to contribute most of his research to *Joey Smallwood's Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador*. "This is



our heritage and unless someone takes the job, we'll lose part of our past," Prim says. Some of it is already gone. Customs records, stored for years in a government registry office in downtown St. John's, were destroyed when Newfoundland joined Confederation in 1949. And old people who can still remember some of the tragedies are gradually dying off, their stories untold. Sitting in his den with one of his charts across his knees, Prim rhymes off some of the names — 1713, the iron-galleged sailing ship *Anglo Saxon* runs aground north of Cape Race, 237 lives lost; 1822, HMS *Prake* meets her doom, 400 lives lost; 1844, the destroyer *MCS Valleyfield* torpedoed and wrecked. "Traacher weather conditions, poor navigation, equipment and a low value on these disasters, Prim says. "The whole story will never be told, but this is part."

Guy Gauvin of Moncton is a New Brunswick-style superman: He doesn't leap tall buildings in a single bound, but he does race up and down them a step at a time. Each weekday afternoon, after a full day on the job as a construction worker, Gauvin arrives at Moncton's 20-storey office building, Assumption Place. There, he races up and down the 325 steps between the first and 19th floors, not once but five

straight times without stopping doesn't take him long: His record is 17 minutes, 17 seconds, and one week he goes all out trying to break it. Occasionally he brings along friends, including some who've run in the Boston Marathon, but he soon leaves them gasping behind. On weekends, the relentless Gauvin keeps in tone by jogging 50 km to Shediak, a veritable piece of cake for him. "It's easy," he says, "because there's stairs are a killer." Why does he inflict such punishment on himself? So that he can compete in the Gillette Challenge, an annual fitness event in Toronto that includes a race up the 1,815-foot CN Tower. The Challenge was cancelled last year, but Gauvin has been training this winter.



Prim: Charting shipwrecks on Newfoundland's rocky coast
a low value

He even plans to double his daily trips to the top of Assumption Place in May. "I like it," he says. "It's fun." And, adding this 22-year-old who neither smokes nor drinks, "it keeps me out of trouble."

The latest in alternate-energy technology around Fredericton is the 1990 pickup truck that two local tinkers have adapted so that it runs on — get this — wood. **David McKinney** and **Lester Little** got a \$6,500 government grant and put in 300 hours of work converting the Ford half-ton to burn small cubes of wood in a boiler at the back and operate on the “wood gas” so produced. At

speed of 50 miles an hour, the truck gets 20 miles to the bushel or, put another way, 2,500 miles on a cord of wood. Of course, nobody has tried to go that far with the vehicle, which is still in the experimental stage, and McKinney says it's probably more practical to use wood to run stationary engines, such as those that power irrigation pumps or sawmills, than automotive ones. That could change, though, "if gasoline were to go up to \$3 or \$4 a gallon or if a Middle East war broke out, and we were rationed on gas." Even then the drawbacks would include the fact that it takes 10 to

15 minutes to get the wood fibre flivver warmed up from a cold start. And the tank holds only five bushels, which means it must be refuelled every 70 miles. That could be a knotty problem.

For Johnny Cornu, it's not enough to simply wish friends "Happy Birthday": He serenades them over the phone on his accordion. His wife, Timmie, phones and he plays. About eight years ago, Cornu, 63, a retired car salesman in Lunenburg, N.S., began this "little bit of a hobby" as a way of keeping in touch with relatives. Now he calls about 150 people a year from New York to Vancouver, all listed in his "little black book." The first time someone gets a birthday call, "it comes as a complete surprise," he says. "Some people break down and cry." Once, when he called a woman in hospital, other patients joined in singing and gave her a birthday she told Cornu she'd never forget. Cornu, who says he learned to play the accordion at about age six in the "privy" behind the family farmhouse in Yarmouth, also does magic tricks. He performs mostly for children in hospitals and at birthday parties. One Christmas, he staged 14 shows in 18 days — all for free. "How do you say no?" he asks. Unlike some magicians who won't reveal their secrets, he's passed on his magic skills to his three grandchildren. His tricks, he says, are "parlor-sized." Instead of sawing humans in two, he uses a doll in an 18-inch cabinet. "I enjoy the kids," he says, "and it keeps me busy."

I haven't much education," Albert Doucette says, "but it's my gift — I like to invent things." Doucette, a retired window-sash manufacturer who lives in DeBlois, P.E.I., made light wooden

wheels for carts when he first started as a carpenter. "I thought, if I could bend my rims and make my own spokes, I'd do a lot better. So I made a rig to steam the rims. But then every year there were more cars and my trade was getting low. I gave that up and I started at windows." Doucette, now 75, lives with his wife in the home he built himself 45 years ago. Two of his sons carry on the window-sash business, still using a machine he invented years ago. In his basement workshop, an old vacuum cleaner is mounted against the wall. "That's what runs my organ!" Doucette says proudly. "I got an old organ. It sounded good, only the bellows were gone. When I found out it needed suction, I took the wife's vacuum cleaner and I bore a hole underneath just to try it out. Sure enough, it worked good!" Doucette's pride and joy is a miniature band — four, seven-inch-high musicians and their instruments, tucked inside an old sewing-machine case. Beneath the "bandstand," a tape recorder and an old electric mixer (minus the beaters) provide music and rhythm for the band. When the beater is turned on, it vibrates the floor beneath the feet of the step-dancer, the piano keyboard and other moving parts of the band. The tape recorder plays Ned Landry's fiddle music, and the band comes to life. "I had to put little aluminum shoes on the dancers' feet to weigh them down, they were so light," Doucette says. On a bench are some power tools he made himself. A drill press that can be converted to a small lathe, a grinder, a belt sander and a small tablesaw are made from recycled objects such as an old car shaft, an organ stool and the wheel from a cream separator. "Anything that I see that I can make use of, I keep," says the DeBlois inventor.



McKinney: He gets 20 miles to the bushel



The Cornus: "Some people break down and cry"



Doucette and his band: "I like to invent things"

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FEEDBACK

temperate ones do little to endear the thousands of Americans who visit Nova Scotia yearly, many of whom, including me, are former Maritimers and your subscribers. If he is truly "one of us" he stick to his poetry and leave the travel articles to others better qualified and less bigoted than he.

Robert A. Rydman
Riverside, Calif.

Buchans Road hard on herd

Your Newfoundland correspondence indicate that the proposed road south from Buchans would have only a minor adverse effect on the caribou of the area (*The Buchans Road hits a Political Roadblock*, Newfoundland & Labrador, November). My judgment is that the road would result in the destruction of the finest woodland caribou herd in the world. Any competent game-management person should be able to confirm my statement.

George B. Johnson
Buffalo, Wyoming

Islanders earned their power rates

On reading your article *The Power Bill Blues of P.E.I.*, (P.E.I., October), one cannot help asking who made the decisions which led to the current situation and where can the public see copies of the studies which were carried out in support of those decisions. I submit that many decisions were made on nothing more substantive than personal bias. Nuclear energy as a source of electrical power is the best understood, has been subjected to the most intensive studies, is the best regulated and is one of the safest forms of energy available in Canada today. Unfortunately, because of the military association, nuclear energy in total has become a moral issue. A P.E.I. government decision was made in 1978 to purchase a 5% interest in Point Lepreau. This was followed a few years later by a decision to buy "out of Point Lepreau" at a cost to the P.E.I. taxpayer of \$100,000 and to buy into a coal-fired generating plant. I believe that Islanders have earned their high electrical rates. It is pointless to moan about them, and we should prepare ourselves for the really high rates which will be our legacy.

G. A. Wright
Crapaud, P.E.I.

Good riddance to Ray

Ray Guy's Pacific Ocean happens to be the Juan de Fuca Strait, 60 miles from the Pacific. As for his judgment of people out here, well it appears that he doesn't know much about that either. Nobody is perfect out here, but nobody ever said they were. As for seeing Newfoundlanders here, well, you can't meet too many sitting on a log on the beach. I'm glad Ray went home and home he can stay. I'm a Maritimer myself, and I still love my home, but I also love it out here in B.C.

Paul Deveson
Saturna Island, B.C.

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Karen Black (left), Cher and Studie Bond in Altman's new movie

Another rabbit from a rebel's hat

With Jimmy Dean, the unpredictable Robert Altman performs some of his old black magic — this time, transforming a turkey of a play into a funny, charming, irresistible movie

Review by Martin Knelman

Let us now praise Robert Altman, who has just been born again in a most unlikely manner after his thudding fall from movie paradise in the past few years. Altman had made several unacclaimed movies when he leapt to not only the sleeper of the year but also helped set the tone and style of American movies for a decade to come—a decade that was to be dominated, as things turned out, by Robert Altman. Among his other qualities, he was almost unbelievably prolific: Not counting the movies he produced but did not direct, his movies in the past dozen years have included *Brewster McCloud*, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, *Images*, *The Long*

Goodbye, Thieves Like Us, *California Split*, *Nashville*, *Buffalo Bill and the Indians*, *Three Women*, *A Wedding*, *A Perfect Couple*, *Quintet*, *Health*, and *Popeye*. Two of those, *McCabe* and *Nashville*, were arguably masterpieces, and several others broke new ground. Without question, Altman with his overlapping dialogue, his scenes that seemed to start in the middle and his glancing, even throwaway, touch was inventing new ways for movies to go. But after *Nashville*, he seemed like a burnt out case, on an inevitable downward slide. *Buffalo Bill* seemed always on the verge of becoming the film it wanted to be, and *Three Women* had its flashes of wit and insight, but I walked out on *A Wedding*,

sat through *A Perfect Couple* feeling baffled and chose not to see *Quintet* or *Health*.

The Hollywood establishment was quick to turn on Altman. Even at the peak of his powers, he wasn't essentially a mass-audience moviemaker. *M*A*S*H* alone among his films was a big money-maker. He always seemed to be a bit ahead of the audience; he was considered "difficult" or "demanding." He was the American equivalent to the European auteur directors.

When the expensive, ambitious *Buffalo Bill* failed at the box office, producer Dino DeLaurentis pulled the plug and took *Ragtime* away from Altman—a heartbreaking loss, since the Doctorow novel seemed perfectly attuned to Altman's sensibility, and Altman would have made an infinitely better movie than the Czech Miles Forman, who was hired in Altman's

place and made a heavy, humorless mess of it.

Meanwhile, Altman went from bad to worse. Within the industry he was back-mouthed in ways that talentless hacks were never — as if people felt his opus were a deserved comeuppance, maybe because they resented him for having aspirations they'd never understood. Altman began giving interviews in which he sounded not just bitter but incoherent — like a man on the verge of keeling over. He seemed to be baiting the public by keep kicking him. He enjoyed being an outsider, a renegade; he enjoyed defying Hollywood convention. And he enjoyed giving the impression that he had been virtually driven out of Hollywood.

Finally he arrived in New York as a stage director, explaining that he and the major Hollywood studios had decided on a mutual divorce. "I fiddle on the corner where they throw the most coins," he explained. "I don't like California."

What's being done out there with the studios and network TV is not very interesting. They are mostly mechanics who make a lot of money and get a lot of sun... I didn't turn my back on Hollywood. After I did *Popeye*, I had no job, so I sold my company in California and moved to New York to do other things, opera and theatre as well as films."

After making his debut with a pair of one-acters off-Broadway, he came to Broadway with a new play called *Come Back to the 5 and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean*. Frank Rich of *The New York Times* suggested the show could benefit from a new script, a total restaging and a revamped set. He also remarked that Altman had directed at the pace of a dripping faucet, giving the playwright, Ed Graczyk, a chance to hang himself. The other critics tended to agree. *Newsweek* implored: "Come back to the theatre, Robert Altman, Robert Altman, but next time with a play worthy of your talent."

A man less stubborn than Robert Altman might have quietly folded his tents at that point. Yet the public's response to the play was surprisingly positive; the presence in the cast of Cher, making her stage debut, didn't hurt, nor did such other familiar faces as Karen Black and Sandy Dennis. In the end, what closed the show (after 60 performances) was not the hostile press but Cher's illness.

Still, the idea of putting the play on

film seemed foolhardy. And by this time, the playwright was so shattered by the working-over his play was given in the press that he wanted nothing to do with the film. Altman made no changes whatever in the cast, and, working on a shoe-string budget (\$800,000), wrapped up the movie in three weeks. For a time, Altman held to the official fiction that the film version was being produced strictly for cable TV with no theatrical release planned. After the film was completed, he confessed to an interviewer, "Well, that was a little sham we had to go through to get it made."

The heroines of this Texas opus are rural members of a James Dean fan club that meets at the local Woolworth's. The action swings back and forth between 1975, when the members of the disbanded club gather for a reunion, and 1955, when these girls were in high school and Jimmy Dean in the flesh had come to Texas to shoot *Giant*. Each major character, I'm afraid, has a terrible

count for something. *Come Back to the 5 and Dime, Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean* goes on too long, and its dramatic revelations are real groaners, but when these good old girls, aping the McGuire Sisters, link arms and slip into their rendition of that wailing Fifties pop ditty "Sincerely," we succumb to the movie's charm. Against all odds, the director has won us over. We've become irrationally fond of these ridiculous people.

At age 57, Robert Altman has pulled another rabbit out of his hat: He has transformed this shamelessly melodramatic turkey of a play into a funny, charming, damn well irresistible movie. One thing about Altman is that he's unpredictable. You can't tell what he'll do next. And you can't ever count him out. Altman's latest surprise was a spectacular production of Stravinsky's opera *The Rake's Progress* at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. What other major Hollywood director would go off to a university for three months and



Sandy Dennis, Cher and Karen Black share a nostalgic moment

secret to reveal. Mona (Sandy Dennis) who was a swooning extra in *Giant*, has lived with the fantasy that her retarded child was fathered by James Dean. Karen Black plays Joanne, who (surprise!) used to be Joseph.

Truth to tell, the play is dreadful. What's amazing is that Altman has somehow found a way to make it work as a film — partly through judicious cutting. The performers rise to the occasion: Sandy Dennis is not quite as irritating as usual with her little neurotic quivers, and Karen Black holds the screen more authoritatively than she has since *Nashville*. By far the most mesmerizing of the principals, though, is Cher, as the promiscuous bar girl who boasts that she has "the biggest boobs in Texas." And the supporting cast is superb: Sudie Bond, Kathy Bates and Marta Heflin all seem sure to become better known.

Altman makes their trash mythology

stage a show with an amateur company and a run of less than a week? The fact that he had never done an opera didn't deter Altman. What Altman put on that stage in Michigan won't soon be forgotten by those who saw it. His show was a gothic extravaganza, multi-levelled and teeming with gargoyles.

I was somewhat startled when, on my way up the aisle at intermission, I almost tripped over Altman himself. We chatted briefly, and when the subject turned to *Jimmy Dean*, I congratulated him on turning a sow's ear into a silk purse. He stiffened at this, demanded to know what I meant, and then announced that if I didn't like the play, I couldn't possibly have liked the movie either. "That's like saying I love your face but I hate your feet," he ranted. Since my comments were meant to be flattering, I was taken aback. But Altman loves to play the unappreciated rebel — the underdog howling in the wilderness. ☞

Sweetly simple chocolates

All you need to make your own chocolates is one brush, one mould and some confectioner's chocolate. "Anyone can do it," says Georgina Greenough

By Pat Lott

Georgina's House of Chocolate in Dartmouth, N.S., is a classic example of a pastime that grew into a full-time business.

"I started making chocolates as a hobby two years ago," says Georgina Greenough. At first, she wasn't able to get the kind of confectioner's chocolate she wanted (never use baker's chocolate, she warns). When she called Nestlé and ordered 50 pounds of chocolate, "they laughed at me." Their minimum order was 2,500 pounds.

"One day my neighbor came over when I was making chocolates. She asked me to show her how to do it, so I did. She told other neighbors and they told their friends, and they all wanted demonstrations." She persuaded the supplier to sell her 500 pounds of chocolate, but as the number of people wanting lessons and chocolate increased, she was soon ordering thousands of pounds of the stuff. Finally, Nestlé offered her their distributorship for the Maritimes.

As Greenough travelled around the region giving chocolate-making demonstrations, she was often approached by women who wanted to make and sell chocolates in their home. Now there are 36 women across the Atlantic provinces who, after learning chocolate-making from her, have set up in business for themselves. "It makes a nice home industry for women in small communities," Greenough says. "They love it."

She supplies them with the ingredients and implements for making chocolates: confectioner's chocolate, which comes in thick wafers in several colors; oil-based flavoring and coloring; powdered fondant (used in liquor chocolates); brushes, and moulds in a wide variety of shapes and sizes, including large ones for making suckers in the shape of E.T. and Smurf. "All you need to start out making chocolates is one brush, one mould and one pound of chocolate," Greenough says. "It's very, very simple. Anyone can do it."

There's an almost evangelical fervor in Greenough's promotion of the simplicity of her style of chocolate-making, and she's always on the lookout for converts. She was passing a shopping-mall candy store one day at a slack time and noticed the clerks "just standing there, doing nothing." She located the owner and suggested that he "let the girls to work making Smurf suckers." The owner's now

delighted at how successful the project has turned out, "but the girls hate me," Greenough says.

Chocolate Preparation

Put chocolate to be melted into a bowl (not metal or plastic) and stand it in hot water. Greenough uses an electric skillet into which she puts two inches of water and keeps it at a temperature between 106°F and 110°F. (Never add water-based flavorings or coloring to chocolate, Greenough warns, only oil-based ones.) When the chocolate has melted, give it a good stir and with a brush, coat the moulds, taking care not to leave any holes through which the filling could adhere to the mould. Put the mould tray into the fridge for a minute or two. Check the tray when you remove it from the fridge and touch up any holes that have escaped your scrutiny. Put the filling into the chocolate shells, cover with more chocolate and put the tray back in the fridge for two minutes. If the chocolates don't pop out when you tip over the tray, put it back into the fridge for another minute. If some of the chocolates still will not come out of their moulds, it is probably because you have missed a perforation in the shell and the filling has stuck. Wipe the moulds with a paper towel between batches of chocolates. Half a pound of chocolate will give you about three dozen chocolate shells.

Fillings for chocolates are limited only by your imagination. In addition to cream fillings in various flavors, nuts and cherries, you can create interesting tastes by dipping a variety of things into melted chocolate: Fresh fruit such as strawberries, grapes, lemon and orange wedges, or dried fruit such as dates, pieces of fig, apricots, dried peach; salted pretzels, rice crispies and marshmallows (cut these with wet scissors).

The cream fondant in the following recipe can be stored in the fridge for six weeks or in the freezer for two months. You can use it as is, or add the flavor and coloring of your choice.

Basic Cream Fondant

- 1/2 cup margarine
- 1/2 cup salt
- 1/3 cup corn syrup
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 3 cups icing sugar

With a wooden spoon, blend together margarine, salt, syrup and vanilla. Mix in 3 cups sugar gradually, then place the mixture on a countertop. Work with your hands until you get the consistency



Greenough: "A nice home industry" of short-crust pastry dough. Store in a covered container.

Chocolate Cream Filling
Mix together 2 tbsp. melted chocolate and 1 cup of basic cream fondant.

Caramel Filling
Put an unopened can of condensed milk into a saucepan of water. Boil for 2 hours, making sure that the can is completely covered with water all the time. Remove can and leave standing, unopened, for 5 hours or overnight.

Peppermint Patties
Melted chocolate
1 egg white
peppermint essence (1 or 2 drops)
icing sugar

With a fork, beat the egg white until foamy. Add peppermint and icing sugar, stirring and continuing to add sugar until you get the consistency you want. Coat patty moulds with chocolate. When chocolate shells are ready, fill with peppermint mixture, cover with chocolate and return to the fridge for 2 minutes.

Cherry Chocolates

Mix together powdered fondant with enough juice from maraschino cherries to get the right consistency for a filling. Prepare chocolate shells, put in a little fondant, then a well-drained cherry and cover with chocolate. If you wish, you can mix the powdered fondant with liqueur.

Candy Cane Chocolates

Crush up candy canes with a rolling pin or, if you want the cane very fine, in a food processor. Add desired amount of melted white chocolate, stir well and fill the moulds completely with this mixture. Chill in fridge until firm (approximately 4 minutes).

Almond Bark

To melted white chocolate add blanched, whole almonds (amount is up to you), stir well and pour onto a wax-paper-lined cookie sheet. Move the sheet around to spread the chocolate and then place in fridge for 7-8 minutes. Break into pieces when set.



Aubrey Hanson's the king of New Brunswick country swing

He's never been to Nashville and, to tell the truth, he doesn't care much. This good old boy's happy just being a legend to hard-core country music fans in the Maritimes

Boonie-enflamed brain cells burning neon-bright inside his skull, taut on the wheel of a car as big as a country boy's dreams, he's a drinkin', fightin', lovin', hurtin' good ole boy who has done a lot of hard travelling — he's been everywhere, man — and who packs it all into his songs. Songs as fast-tow-sweet as the memory of the long-haired girl who lived on a neighboring farm, back when he was a boy, 3,000 one-night stands ago, and as hangover-bitter as the thought of how she went to town and went wrong. Songs as gritty as the taste of being knocked down in a honky-tonk parking lot. Songs as low-down as the smell of jostlers men standing in line for

has sung and played professionally for 25 years (he is now 52), yet has never seriously considered moving away from Fredericton, N.B., where he has lived all his life. "Oh, I might go on the road for a year or two with some established star; but it's a bum's existence if you're not in the big time." Far from being a boozier, he doesn't even want to play in bars. "They're not my style." Anything but a rhinestone cowboy, Hanson is a big, quiet man who looks like the kind of bouncer who is so calmly persuasive that he seldom has to resort to threats, let alone violence. He talks and acts like his middle-class neighbors. The difference is that he sings, plays guitar, banjo, mandolin and harmonica, and has had his own radio show (over Fredericton's CFNB) ever since 1957. "It's through the radio show that I'm known in Nova Scotia; we get a lot of fan letters from there." He appears regularly at dances, exhibitions, fall fairs and winter carnivals throughout New Brunswick and recently released his fourth LP album, *Aubrey Hanson, a Maritime Legend*.

He got his first guitar when he was 12, a Christmas gift from his father, a wood merchant who played the mouth organ and wrote the lyrics for one of the songs on the LP, "New Brunswick's the Province for Me." In the early days, he competed in amateur talent contests, at one of which the contestants included a young guy named Clarence Snow, who has since become better known as Hank. Does he ever envy Grand Ole Opry stars like Hank Snow? "I can honestly say that I don't. I'm one of those Maritimers who just want to make a living and to heck with the glamor!"

Nor does Hanson worry about not being up-to-date. "I'm doing the exact same thing as when I started out and it works as well today as it did then. I never one new song a year — and I'm holding my own." The explanation is, "There's no entertainment for people over 40 unless they come to my show. I appeal to an audience that's been forgotten by the people who produce TV shows and make records. It's a minority audience, sure; but in this neck of the woods, it's a big minority. There's not a place I go where I don't get a full house!"

His song repertoire relies heavily on tunes by Nova Scotia-born Wilf Carter,

the father of Canadian country music. "He's been my hero ever since I was a kid; I've played with him when I was in the Maritimes — that was some time ago. Musically, he is indebted to me for his western swing. The biggest change I've seen in more than a quarter of a century of playing for old-time fiddlers is the disappearance of the country fiddle used to be that the fiddler was always there's no market for them at all."

Another change is that the traditional Maritime square dance has been replaced by what Hanson calls "Ed. square dancing" because "I've brought into the Maritimes the school physical education teacher's idea of square dancing. It's a lot more boring, it depends upon a caller. I've never got into that; I just sing. I was a person to sing at dances in this area."

It might bother Hanson to be dismissed as old-fashioned if he had learned early in life to withstand criticism. "I was always being laughed at for my country music. Once when I was 14, I put on a musical program at the high school. I came out with my Valley Road bonds, which was what I called my first band, and started to play. All of a sudden the curtain came down and the principal pulled me off the stage and said to the 'Boys, I will never again have that kind of music in my school.'" A few years later he was invited to sing at the Miramichi Folk Song Festival at Newcastle, N.B. "I was getting ready to go when Dr. Louis Manny, who ran the festival, and a woman named 'Young man, what is that?' 'It's a name. 'Ma'am,' I said. 'There'll be no name here,' she said. 'Well,' I said, 'no name no song.' She let me play."

Hanson's present band, the Clams Ramblers, includes Ken Hobbs on guitar, Bob Barry on piano, and Balfour Baker (who played with him in his first band when he was 14), on drums. His wife Faye, wrote the lyrics to one of the songs on the LP, "Green Hills, Blue River." They have two sons, Lloyd, 18, and Lorne, 14. Lloyd has played with his father. "But country music doesn't offer much of a challenge to a bass player; he'd rather play jazz. Well, to tell you the truth, he'd rather play rock. He most boys his age."

Working six days a week with his trucking business and four nights a week with his music, Hanson couldn't get by "except that I sleep most of Sunday." He has come to expect the occasional yell at "Give us some rock!" from the young patrons at his dances. His stock reply is, "You're sure in the wrong barn tonight."

There are no neon lights inside Aubrey Hanson's skull, but neither is he tormented by the ash heaps of burnt-out brain cells. "I'm a happy man," he says with conviction. And he always knows where he is when he wakes up in the morning.

— Alden Nowlan



all the things that restless men stand in line for. He sings his songs and picks his six-string flat-top box, and he gets drunk again and passes out again — and the next morning he wakes up, wondering as always, *What place is this? Bridge-water, Nova Scotia? Dyson, Arkansas?*

That is how most people, including most country music fans, picture most country entertainers, and there's a degree of truth in it. Witness the great Hank Williams, who died drunk in the back seat of his car at the age of 29. On the way to a show, of course. Or the equally great George Jones, who busts up cars, gets busted by the cops, and whose fans wonder he is scheduled to appear make bets as to whether or not he'll show up. (Usually, he has written and recorded a song entitled, "No Show Jones.")

But there is another, different tradition in country music. It's the one that breeds singer-musicians like Aubrey Hanson, whose fame is local — he has never even visited Nashville, but is a household name among hard-core country fans in the Maritimes — and who runs a trucking business in addition to working with his Country Ramblers band at concerts, dances or on radio for 200 nights a year.

"People probably think I'm odd," Hanson says. "I probably am odd." He

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Return to the harbor

This month, Groundhog Press publishes *Head of the Harbour*, the second novel by Halifax writer Mark Gordon. Gordon's first novel, *The Kanner Aliyah*, appeared three years ago to praise from author Hugh MacLennan who said that Gordon's description of the hero Martin Kanner's odyssey to Israel in the early Sixties "made me feel I was there." The *Montreal Gazette* called the novel "a labor of love, written from the gut." Other reviewers hailed it as a work of genius.

Head of the Harbour brings Martin Kanner, now a college student of 22, back to Halifax where he'd lived until he was 16, a Jewish boy in a predominantly Gentile community. He has not forgotten the city. In fact, his experience has sharpened his perceptions of the past and the complexity of some of his present relationships sharpens his desire to look inward, to the people, the streets, the remembered surroundings of his past.

About four o'clock one afternoon, David, Yuri, Martin, and another student were standing on a street corner halfway between campus and Martin's room. It hadn't started to snow, but the clouds looked heavy and dark. The four of them stood at the street corner talking. It was getting colder by the minute. Martin shuffled from foot to foot. Yuri clapped his hands together to keep warm. He was wearing a pair of mittens his grandmother had knitted for him. David had his lamb's wool collar pulled tight against his ears.

"Well, I have to go," Martin finally said. "See you guys later."

There was no answer from anyone in the group. No one seemed to have noticed that he was saying good-bye. But David's blue eyes gleamed coolly.

"Look at that!"

David sneered,

pointing at Martin. "Look at his face. Can you believe it? He's totally crushed because we didn't say good-bye to him."

David shook his head in disgust. He snickered. For a second, Martin was tempted to reply in anger. Instead, he turned around quickly and walked down the street.

"See you later!" Yuri shouted after him.

He was almost expecting to hear David's voice, but it never came.

He walked home quickly. David's words were burning inside his head. A chill wind was blowing across the street. The trees were getting darker. Was there something wrong with him? Was David right? Was it unbelievable that he should look so hurt just because his friends hadn't said good-bye?

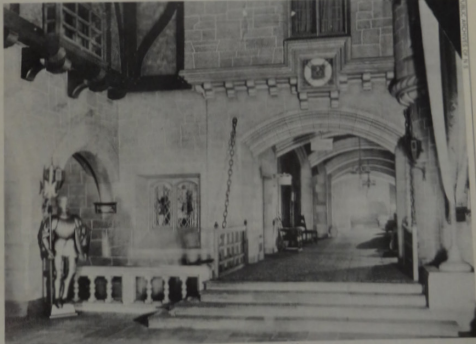
His room felt particularly chilly that evening. He went over and touched the radiator. It was hardly warm. For the first time he could feel anger, almost hatred, for Miss Riley and her miserly ways. He was tempted to slam his shoe against the radiator, yell and scream — Miss Riley, you cold old bitch, turn on the heat! It's freezing up here. He was tempted to go down and smash his fists against the door of her apartment. Turn on the heat! — he could hear the scream inside his head, but it remained there,

and never came out of his mouth...

That same evening he was sitting in his room alone. It was getting dark outside. He hadn't bothered to turn on the light. He sat in the frayed armchair beside the radiator. He touched the radiator with the back of his hand. It was gradually getting warmer. She must have turned the heat up. It wasn't tremendously hot, but he could sit there now without his overcoat on. The sweater he was wearing was heavy, and corrugated with thick ribs of wool. Aunt Ida had given it to him. It was from her store on Barrington Street.

David's sarcastic gleam burned inside his head. His words echoed through his mind. Look. Look at that. Look at that, will you? He's totally crushed. If, he thought, David had not touched a nerve-ending, he wouldn't have felt so depressed by his cold remarks. But David had pointed to the truth. Yes, he had to admit to himself, when his friends hadn't noticed he was about to depart, hadn't acknowledged his good-bye, he had felt crushed.

It was a shock, though, to have someone like David Steeles point it out, and show it to his other friends, Yuri included. Why, Martin wondered, did his feelings hang so vividly on his face? Why did they sit there for everyone to see? It made him feel vulnerable, awfully vulnerable, in front of someone like David Steeles. And what was he supposed to do? Was he supposed to continually sup-



The Capitol Theatre: An odor of chocolate bars, orangeade and cushions

press his inner feelings? Was he supposed to wear a mask, to be on guard, to be forever on guard? Was he supposed to walk around with an icy shield over his eyes, a visor like the knights of old used to wear? Was that the solution to his problem?

He remembered the Capitol Theatre on Barrington Street. He would go there quite often as a child, when he was ten, eleven, twelve years old. He hopped the bus on Saturdays around noon hour. Yes, the bus at twenty after twelve that stopped at a corner near his house on Robie Street. Almost every Saturday he dashed out of his house, ran the half block to South Street, crossed to the opposite corner, stood alone waiting for the bus, his old faithful friend that always arrived at twenty minutes after twelve. It was rarely late, rarely a minute either side of its scheduled arrival.

Down he'd travel into the heart of the city, the downtown area, to Barrington Street where his father had an office in the Roy Building, and Uncle Stan had his clothing store a few blocks away. Barrington Street — it was a huge-sounding name in his young boy's head. It was almost as if Halifax and Barrington Street were synonymous. What was one without the other? It was like the old song — Love and Marriage... horse and carriage. Barrington Street. The words rolled inside his young head. No, no other street could vie for his affection, his awe, and sometimes his fear. After all, everyone came to Barrington Street when he was a kid. They came from the four distant corners of the city. They came from the slums, Water Street and Argyle, where his father grew up. They came from the new suburbs, like the one he was living in. They came to Barrington Street to work, to shop, to go to the movies. And there the sailors on leave could be seen. On Barrington Street everyone mingled — whoever they were — the colored people, the sailors, the ladies in feathered hats, the businessmen in suits, and kids like himself down there to haunt the movie houses.

His heart took a leap each Saturday afternoon as he got off the bus. Suddenly, he could see the rush of people. He was walking among them. They were walking so near to him that he could smell their odors: perfume and sweat, whiskey and fur. They were all around him, much taller than he was. They were brushing against him, against his shoulders, and sometimes a fabric — wool or cotton or silk — would brush against his cheek.

There on that street with the huge-sounding name — Barrington — he had his choice of movie houses. The Capitol. The Paramount. The Family. He could, if he wanted to, if he really rushed, go to all three theatres in one afternoon. (It cost him only a dime at each one.) He could get into the Capitol at one o'clock,

dash to the Paramount at three, then tear over to the Family, and still get back home by seven-thirty.

He had done this a few times. But only a few. It was a marathon that tired him out, that left his mind jam-packed with images. Often he was satisfied, quite satisfied, by going to the Capitol and finishing off the afternoon at the Paramount. Then at five o'clock he would go to the Roy Building, and catch his father before he left work.

He sat in the room on Preston Street thinking of David Steeles' cold remarks. And he sat there dreaming of those Saturday afternoons long ago. What a blessed relief those movies were from the weekdays at Pinebrook School. How he hated sitting in the classroom with the fluorescent lights buzzing. He'd look out the window at Robie Street as the teacher scraped notes on the blackboard. It looked drab out on the boulevard. It looked dark outside, and the fluorescent lighting made the wintry afternoon scene appear even drabber. The wind tunneled down the boulevard, bending the newly-planted saplings. He used to sympathize with those tiny, young trees tied with burlap to pieces of two-by-four for support. Would they survive? — his young mind often wondered. Would they really grow into huge oaks and maples some day? Would he be able to come back, when he had grown up, and see how they had made out? Or would the wind go crazy, mount up in its fury, twist them and snap them beyond repair? Poor trees, he used to think, so thin and young and alone out there on the boulevard this wintry afternoon.

He gazed around the classroom. There was John O'Reilly, the "maestro" as everyone called him, John O'Reilly sitting in his seat at the back of the class rocking, forever rocking. What was wrong with him? Why did he have to continually rock like that? John, the "maestro", his queer schoolmate, looked bald. His head looked like a coconut barely covered with fuzzy strands that were supposed to be his hair. He was overweight, roly-poly, and he never stopped his rocking. Some kids found out that his mother took him to violin lessons twice a week. She was overheard one day, as she opened her car door to let him in. "Hello, maestro," she said, the end for John being called simply John. "Maestro!" the kids shrieked day after day. "How are you, dear maestro?"

They were yelling at John, poor John O'Reilly, but he could feel their icy shrieks travel up and down his spine. He was afraid. Why wouldn't they turn their tin? No, his mind reasoned, they wouldn't do that. He didn't rock in his chair. He wasn't called the maestro. He didn't have a head that looked like a

coconut. But... yes, but, Weren't those things about him, about him, Martin Kanner, that could suddenly catch their attention? Would they abruptly turn against him — notice the bumpy texture of his cheek, remember that he was Jewish, and turn this into a mocking rhyme? He hoped that the weeks inside the classroom would pass, and no such horrible event would ever take place. His palms sweated when he thought about being caught in his throat, stuck there like a bone halfway down.

Yes, what a relief to go to the movies to go down to Barrington Street on Saturday afternoons. The Capitol Theatre was built like a castle inside. It always surprised him, again and again, when he entered that strange-smelling place. Yes, like a castle. There was a moat with water, a drawbridge, castle doors with spikes of steel. And knights in full armour stood guard in front of the doors that led from the foyer to the thousand chairs of the auditorium. The Capitol Theatre had a smell of its very own. It comforted him. It was not just the smell of chocolate bars and orangeade. It was a distinct odor. The Paramount didn't have it, nor the Family. Somehow — and it amazed him — the Capitol smelled like he always imagined a real, honest-to-goodness castle would smell. It had the smell of old cushions, centuries and centuries old. It hit him in waves as soon as he walked inside from the street. It was like meeting a very good friend, someone he had known for a long, long time. Someone who would never think of hurting him. Someone whose arms were always open, always willing to wrap their warmth around him, take him in, and press him close. A music danced inside him whenever he entered the Capitol once again.

It was a strange feeling inside him as he walked through the foyer, crossed the drawbridge, gazed at the knights in armour. He felt small, small as a thread in the lush carpets on the floor. And, at the very same instant, he felt huge, tall, high as the huge crossbeams of wood on the ceiling. What a mixture of feeling! It rippled through his young body. Wasn't he, he thought, as great as this castle? He was no longer little Martin Kanner who lived on Robie Street and went to Pinebrook School. He was no longer the chubby boy who was afraid to take off his clothes after gym class, and take a shower with his schoolmates. No, it was as if that strange odor of the Capitol Theatre had the power to transform him, to make him taller and stronger and braver than any little boy could ever hope to be.

Slowly, he walked down the aisle to his seat. The carpets were soft under his feet. The lights were still dim, the curtains drawn, and he was sitting in that pit of soft darkness again. The kids had

stopped their yelling. They were no longer throwing popcorn and jelly beans. They were waiting with Martin for the curtains to part. Now there was nothing to be seen. Nothing but the vague soft heads of kids. Aisles and aisles of heads turned up expectantly towards the screen in front of them.

Martin gazed around. Everything looked dark except for two white masks on either side of the theatre, high up on the walls. One mask was laughing, the other crying. One mouth was upturned, grinning; the other stretched downwards, grimacing and pathetic. How white those two masks were! Ghostly white. White as snow. What did they mean? — he wondered. Was it a message placed there for kids like himself to decipher?

John, the maestro, entered his head. He was rocking, rocking, scraping his desk along the linoleum floor. The noise was getting louder. The wooden desk was creaking under his weight. John was in a fury of rocking. Louder and louder, much louder than the fluorescents' buzzing, more insistent than the teacher's voice. Miss Tyrone turned quickly from the blackboard.

"John! Please! I can't stand it! Just stop for a minute!"

The kids in the classroom giggled under their breaths. A few of them started to rock, imitating the maestro.

"No! Stop it!" Miss Tyrone shrieked. "I'll have none of this, do you hear? So help me, every one of you will stay after school. Except John!"

John looked up, his blue eyes twinkling, and he slowed the pace of his rocking.

"Thank you, John," Miss Tyrone whispered, out of breath. "Thank you, dear."

"Thank you, maestro," his classmates mimicked in unison.

"Enough! Do you hear?" Miss Tyrone shouted. Her blackboard pointer smashed through the air, and cracked loudly on her desk.

For a few minutes, the class was quiet. Miss Tyrone's fury was echoing inside their heads.

"Do you know how rude it is," Miss Tyrone sighed, "to make fun of your classmate that way? Just think of it. How it adds to his burden. Do you think God looks on that kindly?"

The children in the class hung down their heads. The word "God" had floated from Miss Tyrone's mouth like an enormous balloon.

Martin's gaze travelled from Miss Tyrone to John to the kids in the class with their eyes turned down. What, he wondered, was that burden that John, the maestro, carried around? Had Miss Tyrone noticed that he, Martin, had not joined in on their gibes?

"Now, let's get back to our work," Miss Tyrone smiled faintly. "Now, who can tell me how many counties there are on Cape Breton Island?"

Hands shot up around the classroom. It was an easy question. Even the

maestro's hand was flailing around for attention. "Me, me, me, me," the classroom echoed.

Martin hunched down deep into the cushioned chair at the Capitol Theatre. The curtains started to part very slowly. His mind was blank now, waiting, blank as the huge screen before the movie began.

Martin got up from the tattered armchair in his room on Preston Street. He was thinking of David Steeles and Harvey Kanner. He was thinking of Yuri Raglin and Moira. He was dreaming about Joan in her house on Dunbarton Road. He was thinking of Norrie, how his black eyes popped, how his jaws widened and snapped.

David Steeles' cool words were still nagging inside his mind. "Look at that! He's totally crushed, just because we didn't say good-bye."

Martin stood in the middle of his room. Could he learn, he wondered, to suppress his feelings? Could he learn to keep his face as cold and unrevealing as a steel mask?

He walked across the room to the small window. It was nearly dark outside, but there was nothing to be seen anyway from that window except the house across the alley. It was a wooden house also, like Miss Riley's, a white wooden house, two storeys high.

He gazed at the house. A light came on in a room in the upper storey. The venetian blinds were open. He stood there watching. A young girl of about fourteen came into the room. She tossed herself down on the bed and lay there on her stomach, one hand propped under her chin, and a book open in front of her on a pillow. She was wearing a short, plaid skirt. As she read, she bent her legs at the knees, and kicked them behind her rhythmically. They scissored the air. The movement made her skirt ride up on her thighs. He stood in the darkness and his heart began to pound. How young she looked, and fresh! How white and smooth her skin appeared! His head started to spin. His groin was burning with desire. Who was she? — he wondered. Perhaps a professor from Dalhousie lived in that white house across the alley and this was his daughter. She probably went to school nearby. Maybe she attended the same school he had gone to when he was fourteen. Stadacona Junior High. It was only a block away.

It seemed centuries ago, he thought, when he was her age. And much longer, when he attended Pinebrook School on the other side of town.

He stood by the window, mesmerized. What young skin! She wasn't too fat or too skinny. His thoughts were swirling around. What if he could go back, he dreamed, be her age again? What if he could start over? Perhaps he'd gotten off on a wrong track.

Perhaps, long ago, he'd taken a route he should never have taken, which led only to madness.

But when? And where? When did he suddenly veer off on a wild careening track that led him eventually to Jerusalem, to the stone cottage, to dreams about fighting off his father with can openers? Had he ever been as smooth and innocent as he imagined this young girl to be? Had he ever been as fresh and optimistic?

He looked across at her room again. She was still lying on her stomach, kicking her legs behind her. Someone came into her room. Martin couldn't make out who it was. The person was outside his range of vision. All he could make out was a shadow. The girl looked up from her reading, and was talking to the shadow. A few minutes later, she got up from her bed slowly, walked to the window, looked out quickly, and shut tight the venetian blinds.

Martin let out a sigh. It was a heavy, mournful sound. He walked back to the tattered armchair, and let himself fall in to its awaiting arms. He was dreaming and closed his eyes. He was dreaming again of the Capitol Theatre. On that screen, he saw so many people long ago. Burt Lancaster. Victor Mature. Robert Mitchum. Grace Kelly. Donald O'Connor. Debbie Reynolds. Ma and Pa Kettle. The Bowery Boys. How he would laugh at the Bowery Boys until his stomach ached, until he couldn't laugh any more. And what brave men crossed that screen! What amazing things they did! There was Marlon Brando in *On The Waterfront*. What guts they all had! When he used to watch Humphrey Bogart fight alligators and malaria, Martin couldn't help but think of his father. His young boy's head was filled with awe. Didn't his father have eyes as black and daring as Humphrey Bogart's? Wasn't his father's chin as strong and defiant as Robert Mitchum's? And when his father stood in the bathroom in the morning with only his boxer shorts on, wasn't his chest every bit as powerful and muscled as Burt Lancaster's? He sat in the theatre and wondered—couldn't his own father play in one of those movies? Wasn't his father's life as exciting?

And always an agonizing doubt gnawed away at him. What would he, Martin, do if he were caught between the badmen and the alligators? Would he just break down? Would he crumble? Would he melt into a pool of tears? Or would he be able to gather from somewhere inside him the guts and courage that his father always talked about, the qualities his father admired? His mind wobbled on the edge of those questions. Yes, he could do it. Yes. Yes. But was he sure? Was he absolutely sure? Wasn't there a chance that he might not have the nerve? Wasn't there a chance that he might not have the nerve? Wasn't there the chance that he might simply run away, run in the opposite direction and hide?

